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SIXPENCE.

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Queen. Duke of Richmond. King.



IN THE NEW QUEEN'S BOX AT GOODWOOD: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR HOST, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND; ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE RACES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT GOODWOOD.

For the most part of the time on the first day of the meeting his Majesty watched the races from his own box in the members' enclosure, but he occasionally joined the Queen in the new box which has been erected for her Majesty opposite the Lawn. The Duke of Richmond, who entertained their Majesties, was in attendance on the Queen.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Even the Kaiser does not monopolise the alarms. Not content with visiting Brest, and luring the French Fleet to a reunion at Portsmouth, our war-ships are to cruise in the Baltic, and carry their sinister blandishments into German ports. They will patrol the coast of Scandinavia, look in at Copenhagen and other convenient harbours, and say to the awe-struck spectators: "You have seen some German fighting-craft here lately. Now look at us!" The British sailorman has an immemorial trick of laying a forefinger against his nose when he desires to intimate that he is up to snuff, keeps his weather eye open, and is in other ways prepared to cope with any deep-laid plots that may be going. So when the Scandinavians, who have not yet recovered from the sensations inspired by the Kaiser's recent attentions, try the effect of his name on these new visitors, instantly they will see every British forefinger on duty laid alongside every British nose in the Channel Fleet, as if the manœuvre had been signalled from the Admiral's flag-ship. I make this revelation with a full sense of responsibility. It will cause a profound stir in Germany, where some far-sighted politicians are proposing the exclusion of our war-ships from the Baltic. Their apprehensions will now be confirmed; and they should be grateful to me for telling them the worst.

As Russia's misfortunes have deprived her of a navy for a time, there are no battle-ships to make a show in the Baltic but the Kaiser's, unless we parade our brutal strength in that direction. And just when the nice little Scandinavian peoples were growing accustomed to the idea that the War Lord was tremendous by sea as well as land! If the Baltic be shut against us, they need not have their minds unsettled. Nobody should be allowed to unsettle any minds except the Kaiser, who does it for our "goods," to use the expression made famous by a German lady in the early days of our First George. "We come for your goods," she told the London mob through her coach-window. "And for our chattels too!" said the mob. It is for our "goods," and not our chattels, that the Kaiser gives us these galvanic shocks. He has a benevolent desire to put new life into a dispirited Tsar; so he sends this message: "I want to talk to you about your troublesome war and your tiresome reformers. Expect me in time for dinner." King Oscar gets a kind telegram in these terms: "So sorry you must lose that charming little Norway. Am coming to have a chat about it over a cup of tea." King Christian is thus refreshed: "High time you kept an eye on Norway and Sweden. Will adjust it for you at an early breakfast." The Headmaster of University College School must not be surprised if he also is favoured with a dispatch: "See you have been extolling mediocrity as a substitute for genius. Bad example for the young. Look at me. By genius I convulse the world. We will talk it over at lunch."

These excursions are gratifying to the practical German mind, says an English observer who has lived long in Germany, where it is thought that something has been gained by "a shrewd stroke of policy." There are many Germans who do not relish the Kaiser's methods, applied to themselves; but they chuckle at his "sudden assault on an *entente* openly settled between two long-estranged nations, with the effect that this *entente* must be modified to suit imaginary German susceptibilities, while each of the nations concerned receives a slap in the eye." "No ill-luck stirring but lights upon my house," says Shakspeare's baffled Jew. All luck is ill for the Kaiser unless it light upon the House of Hohenzollern. Pies must not be baked in which he has no finger. An intruding finger is not enough; it must be the whole mailed fist. Did he not say in one of his bursts of eloquence that nothing must happen in the world without the sanction of Germany? And now there is horrid suspicion in the German mind that the slap in the eye for other nations is not always successful, and that they even venture to do things without the Kaiser's authority. It is possible that his gracious permission has not been solicited for the review of the French and British Fleets at Portsmouth by King Edward. After the revelation I have made above, it need scarcely be said that the Kaiser has not been asked to allow a British squadron to cruise in the Baltic.

You cannot dip into the daily papers without finding that somebody is speaking ill of woman. "The only men I ever heard speak nobly of women," says a writer in an evening print, "were Quakers." Quakers, I presume, have settled the great dinner question; they have no occasion to rail at English cooks. Moreover, they listen cheerfully when women rise in the tabernacle, and discourse upon spiritual matters. But there is a prodigious herd writing letters, whereof the burden is that Englishwomen disdain the useful functions of the kitchen. The only balm comes from Berlin, where an

Englishman has traced to the cookery of German housewives the dyspepsia of most of the men who are turned forty. I hope the German housewives will hunt down this traducer, and call upon the Kaiser to expel him forthwith. The English housewives are not without their champions. One of these declares that a man who marries a girl for her "delightful coyness," or the curve of her eyelashes, instead of putting her through a rigorous examination in housekeeping, deserves any misfortune that may befall. I am not sure that women will welcome this advocate. In a journal devoted to their interests I read that it is plain women nowadays who have the best time, and that it is sad to see how pretty girls are neglected. This, too, seems a hazardous proposition. Plain women are often delightful, and a pretty woman may be something less than a joy; but it would be rash to conclude that beauty is drooping for lack of homage.

Professor Starr, of the Chicago University, thinks that beauty ought to droop. He would not allow a man to marry a girl for her eyelashes, nor even for her housekeeping. Richard Feverel should have made a study of Lucy Desborough's characteristics on purely scientific principles before he fell in love with her. Had they been students at the Chicago University, Professor Starr would have diverted their minds from the pretty follies of lovers to the true philosophical basis of matrimony. I have read an interesting book which describes how a number of young men and women at that University studied one another's characteristics in a laboratory. They found that the women had a stronger grip of mathematics than the men, and that the men were more emotional than the women. The writer came to the conclusion that if girls were educated exactly like boys, their mental characteristics would be pretty much the same. If we could all pass in youth through the laboratory at Chicago, we should come out as scientific formulæ. Edwin would address Angelina as "My postulate"; and she, if she cared for him very much, would answer—"No, Edwin, I am your corollary"; and their equality would make the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle quite jealous.

But it is hard to persuade Nature that her methods are out of date. She will go on curving eyelashes to entrap our unscientific affections. If Professor Starr's theory came into universal practice, there would be a sad monotony in our well-being. We should not speak nobly of women, as the Quakers do; for how could one scientific formula extol another? But there would be no more bickerings about cooking; we should all cook alike, well or ill, without distinction of sex; if the masculine formula grew dyspeptic, he would not dream of blaming his partner. The morning and evening editors would not be able to fill their columns. No lady would be so unscientific as to behave like the Pittsburgh spinster who left a large fortune to an old sweetheart on condition that he divorced his wife. He was to have £110,000, and all the testatrix's furniture, including the arm-chair he used to be so comfortable in, if only he would do penance for his questionable taste in marrying the other woman. Under Professor Starr's system this strange comedy could not have been conceived; and we should never have had the pleasure of knowing that, in the presence of a reporter who was deeply touched, the husband embraced his wife, and spurned the dross. Or (fear-some thought!) is it possible that, had she been only his corollary, he would have kept the cash and let the credit go? Could a feminine postulate make such a will as the Pittsburgh lady's without the prospect of any posthumous gratification? These be mysteries, where the humble seeker after truth is out of his depth.

There is an effort to revive public interest in a much older mystery. I thought it was agreed long ago that Edwin Drood was put away in quicklime by the grotesque Jasper, who deserved the thanks of the community for relieving us so early of that silly young man. But now it appears that the mystery needs unravelling once more, and that "Edwin Drood," according to some ecclesiastical dignitary, is the most beautiful story Dickens ever wrote. Perhaps it is best to acquiesce in that opinion if you want to lead a quiet life; but I am prompted to candour by the example of Mr. Lang, who ridicules the plot of the beautiful story, and declares the characters to be "a farrago of unnatural monsters." Does Mr. Lang wish to spend the rest of his days in exile? His attack on John Knox should make Scottish golf-links unsafe for him, and now this trampling on Dickens deprives him of the right of asylum in England. Should he encounter after dusk a burly form in a slouched hat, and muffled in a cloak, he may know that it is Mr. Comyns Carr, chosen by lot to execute the vengeance of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Sapsea, the auctioneer in "Edwin Drood," wrote his own epitaph, which ended thus: "Stranger, pause, and ask thyself the question: Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire." Mr. Lang may live to regret that he did not retire with a blush.

AN ARMADA TREASURE-HUNT.

(See Illustrations.)

In the little bay of Tobermory, inside the Isle of Mull, Captain William Burns, the salvor of many a wreck in every part of the world, is seeking one of the ships of the great Armada on behalf of the Duke of Argyll. The *Admiral of Florence*, or *Duque de Florencia*, the vessel in question, of fifty-six guns and 486 men, was the flag-ship of the Florentine squadron sent to assist Spain at the time of the Armada. She was commanded by Gaspard de Souza, and arrived at Tobermory Bay in distress. The Admiral made an agreement with the clan McLean that he would land a hundred fighting-men to assist the McLeans against the McDonalds, and pay the McLeans a sum of money as well, if they would help him to repair his ship and give him provisions and water to enable him to continue his journey to Spain. This promise of money shows the presence of a considerable quantity of specie on board, and, as the vessel was the flag-ship, it is probable that she would have carried the money to pay the squadron. Sir Fitzroy McLean, the present head of the clan, has in his possession a very interesting painting of the landing of the Spaniards or Italians in Tobermory Bay to ask assistance from his clan, and this is the story as told by the McLeans themselves:—

After the hundred men were landed, they proceeded with the McLeans to the Islands of Rum and Muck, and, after defeating the McDonalds, they besieged Mingarry Castle, on the mainland, and returned to Tobermory. The McLeans allowed the hundred men to go back to the ship, but retained three of the officers as hostages until the debt should be paid. They also sent one of their chieftains, Donald Glas McLean, on board the vessel to recover the money as agreed upon, when the Spanish Admiral disarmed him and kept him on the ship as a prisoner at large. During the night the McLean discovered the position of the powder-magazine. The following morning Admiral Gaspard de Souza had the McLean brought on deck, when they were about to get the vessel under weigh, to take his last look at his native land, as he intended to carry the Highland chieftain to Spain. The McLean immediately rushed for the powder-magazine and blew up the ship, perishing at the same time himself. There were two men blown ashore. One of them was the ship's cook, and the place where he fell is still called "The Cook's Cave," and is about one hundred yards from where the ship was blown up. The McLeans, who had been in daily contact with the vessel, said that there was a quantity of treasure on board, and that Admiral de Souza had a large amount of silver plate also.

The vessel was given to the then Earl of Argyll by Charles I., and in 1661 the Earl of Argyll made a contract with a Swede to come to Tobermory Bay with his diving-bell. He came with all his apparatus, and made an examination of the vessel. He found that the deck from the mizzenmast forward was completely blown away, and that the cannon and other materials belonging to the ship were lying scattered about at from two to twenty yards' distance, but that the poop from the mizzenmast aft was intact.

The Swedish salvors then recovered several large cannon, when the clan McLean drove them away from their work. It is on record that the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), thinking that the vessel was a treasure-ship, disputed the right of the Earl of Argyll to its possession, and that the cause was tried in the Edinburgh Court of Session and decided in favour of Argyll. There is still in existence a letter of apology from the Duke of York to the Earl of Argyll for the trouble and expense he had been put to in this action. The contract that was made with the Swede in 1661 agreed that the first £3000 recovered should be paid to the Earl of Argyll before the contractor received anything whatever—the Earl also to have the first £100 received from the recovery of the copper.

Other attempts were made by different salvors who made contracts; but in 1740 the Argyll family commenced operations themselves, and salvaged among other things the beautiful bronze cannon now in the grounds of Inveraray Castle. The gun was made for Francis I. by Benvenuto Cellini, and has the fleur-de-lys engraved upon it, together with the arms of the French King. The vessel since those days has gone down considerably in the bottom of the bay, and a formation of sand and mud, brought down by a burn from the mountains, has covered up what remains of her. It is to remove this silt from above the vessel that the "sand-pump" and the "diggers" are being used by Captain Burns. The sand-pump is used to lift sand and mud, which it discharges into a sieve, the meshes of which are about a quarter of an inch square, at the stern of the vessel. One man is constantly employed in watching the sieve, and in this way any small articles, such as coins or rings, are able to be recovered. At the same time, the main object is to get at the ship itself, and the present salvors are working on the supposition that, owing to the depth of the water and the crude appliances, it would be quite impossible for the treasure-chest to have been already removed, as the vessel is known to have been full of sand within eighty years of the explosion.

The modern appliances, it is expected, will shortly enable the ship itself to be reached. The divers, working with a 2000 candle-power electric light, have already found definite indications, in the shape of timbers, knees, and other portions of the vessel, which give pretty exactly its position. On July 28, one of them found two parts of an antique silver candlestick, and the finds include, in addition to the Cellini cannon and other things, breech-loading guns (one dated 1586), flagons, powder-scoops, coins, boarding-pike heads, copper pans, a pair of mathematical dividers with a quaint spring for opening the points, a gold ring, a quantity of lead, and a number of metal and stone cannon-balls.

A. HUGH FISHER.

PARLIAMENT.

A debate on the Colonial Office Vote led Mr. Chamberlain to express his regret that representative institutions were not to be set up in the Orange River Colony. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declared that full responsible government ought to be granted to that Colony and the Transvaal, but not "immediately." When Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the Leader of the Opposition was against immediate responsible government, Sir Henry dissented, and Mr. Chamberlain added, "Then he is neither for nor against it." In the course of a subsequent debate on the Chinese Labour Ordinance Sir Henry said that if the people of the Transvaal, under "sound representative institutions," should vote for the continuance of the Ordinance he would bow to their decision. "It should be no part, I think, of the business of the Imperial Government to interfere with their action in such a domestic matter." After this debate, the majority for the Government was 67.

The Naval Works Bill, which provided for the creation of a great Naval arsenal at Rosyth, on the east coast of Scotland, was read a second time by a majority of 74. Mr. Balfour's motion to suspend the twelve o'clock rule for the remainder of the Session provoked a strong attack from the Opposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Charles Dilke maintained that the Government had no moral authority to legislate. There was, however, a demand from the Opposition benches that the Unemployed Bill should be proceeded with. Mr. Balfour declined to say what measures would be dropped, and hinted that the fate of the Unemployed Bill would depend on the consumption of time by the critics of the Government. The motion was carried by a majority of 104.

In the House of Lords the Scottish Churches Bill made some progress after a vehement denunciation by Lord Robertson, who said that the Bill was a piece of State "endowment."

With regard to the alleged purchase of a valuable Welsh coalfield by a German syndicate, it is important to note a statement by the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour had no reason to believe that any foreign syndicate had acquired any coalfield that was necessary for the supply of coal to the British Navy. But if it should be found that such a syndicate had so acted, the Government would veto the transaction by virtue of an old law relating to the acquisition of real estate by foreigners in this country.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

While the Peace plenipotentiaries are entering upon negotiations in America, the Japanese are proving that they understand the value of the battle of Tsushima. On the water side of the theatre of war, movements are going on to demonstrate the inevitable results of the disappearance of the Russian naval force, and the fact that the Mikado's generals have not been wasting time since they fought the battle of Mukden. The Japanese occupation of Sakhalien is practically complete, an outcome of the naval victory which is not only satisfactory to the Japanese for reasons of sentiment, since the island was originally theirs, but is also profitable because of the commercial value of the fisheries. In another way an effective lesson of the transference of sea-power is being taught to Russia by the descent the Japanese are making on the Siberian coast, a movement which was only made possible by the assured command of the sea. We may be quite certain that both these movements have some definite relation to the primary object of the campaign, and an indication of this is given by the reports that a battle has begun on the Tumen River, and, simultaneously with a landing at the mouth of the Amur River, Hasagawa's troops are attacking the Russian position. For this we take to be the fresh engagement which has been reported from St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile, we are learning something more about the views entertained by responsible Japanese naval officers concerning the more important features of the epoch-making sea-fight off Tsushima. The able correspondent of the *Times* in Tokio tells us that the Japanese commanders are not inclined to blame Rozhdestvensky for attempting to force the straits instead of taking the longer route either to the Soroya Passage or the Channel of Tsu-garu. They argue that to have taken either of the latter courses would have offered no compensatory advantages; they do not, however, consider the further alternative suggested in this column as open to the Russian Admiral of seizing a base on Japanese territory and thus forcing Togo to have become the assailant. From Rozhdestvensky's report it does not appear that such a plan entered into his calculations, and yet there can be no doubt that Port Hamilton offered several advantages regarded in this light. With regard to the battle itself the Japanese hold that the Russians were in a formation fatal to their chances of success. It was a formation which had neither the necessary cohesion nor suppleness for maintaining an action, and was apparently chosen because throughout Rozhdestvensky pursued the double objective of fighting and fleeing. This point, a very important one, has been frequently referred to in the course of these articles.

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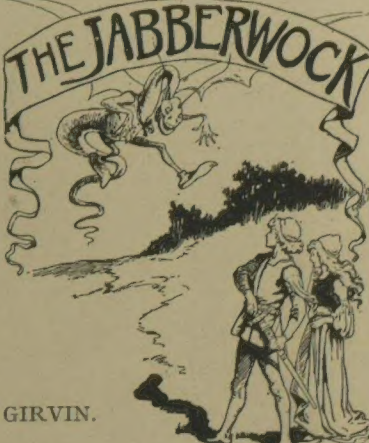
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE VISIT OF THE
FRENCH FLEET.

Saturday, Aug. 5, has been fixed for the arrival of the King and Queen at Cowes, where they are to stay on board the royal yacht during the visit of the French fleet. The *Barfleur*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Groome, commanding the Portsmouth reserve fleet, will act as guard-ship. By the time their Majesties arrive, the first cruiser squadron will be in position, and on the same day as their Majesties cast anchor in the Solent the Channel Fleet will also take up its moorings. Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson will be in command of the massed British Fleet, and the visiting French squadron will be moored between the Channel Fleet and the royal yacht. On entering Spithead on Monday, the French Fleet will salute the English flag, and on anchoring in Cowes Roads will salute the King and dress ship. As soon as possible after anchoring, the French Admiral and his Admirals and Captains will pay their first official visit to the King on board the royal yacht. The Commander-in-Chief will then visit the French Commander-in-Chief on board his flag-ship, and later in the day the King will return the visit of the French Admiral on the French flag-ship. In the evening the King will entertain the French Commander-in-Chief and

ships, and the talk of Germany's forcing such a course upon King Christian by a threat of invasion was the windiest nonsense. The upshot is that the two monarchs have met at Copenhagen, have embraced, and have driven off together to Bernstorff in all the amity of kingly cousinship.

THE PEACE
NEGOTIATIONS.

The preparations for the meeting of the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries are rapidly approaching completion, and next week will see the Conference fully launched on deliberations which will be of international importance and which must, one way or the other, prove momentous in the history of the world. Baron Rosen lunched with Mr. Roosevelt in order to



Photo-Nouvelles Agency.

THE SCENE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT PORTSMOUTH, U. S. A.

It has been decided that the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries shall begin their conference in the building here illustrated as early as possible next week.

arrange, it was believed, the preliminaries for M. Witte's formal call on the President. The reception of all the members of the Russian and Japanese missions and their suites was fixed for Saturday, the 5th. It has been made quite clear that Great Britain, while abstaining from all active interference, will support her ally to the utmost, however hard Japan's conditions may be. It was hinted that the interests of peace might be served by an intimation from Great Britain that Japan might be well advised to moderate her demands; but such an expression is the last that Britain would feel justified in making, for her tacit influence must be thrown without reserve into the scale of Japanese interest. Any action that would smooth, to however light a degree, the path of Russia might easily be misconstrued by our ally as a parallel to the tactics which robbed her so ruthlessly of the fruits of her former victory.

In the Russian see-saw the optimists are again uppermost for the moment, and they consider that they may hope great things for the cause of reform. There is a general idea that on Aug. 12, the birthday of the infant Tsarevitch, his Majesty will convoke the National Assembly. Elections would follow throughout the country some time in October, and November would see the Convention sitting. It has further been pointed out that the internal affairs of Russia are not so desperate as they have been made to appear, and that the National Assembly could, by quiet and deliberate action, gradually frame a method of procedure that would set the country on a firm constitutional basis. All Bills submitted would have to come before the Council of the Empire and the Assembly, and measures approved by a majority of one or of both Houses would then be submitted to the Emperor.

Once again Mr. C. Arthur Pearson makes his appeal for that most deserving of philanthropic schemes, the Fresh Air Fund. Since its foundation some years ago the fund has sent 1,223,000



Photo. Newmans.

THE MOTOR FOR THE HORSE IN THE HARVEST-FIELD: UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURE.

The two reaping-machines here shown at work were drawn by an eighteen-horse power Ivel motor. At Biggleswade, on July 20, they cut thirteen-and-a-half acres of wheat in three hours and two minutes.

his principal officers on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, and the same evening the fleet will be illuminated. On Tuesday the races of the Royal Yacht Squadron will engage the attention of the visitors, and in the evening the Fleets will be again illuminated. Wednesday will see the great review by the King of the French Fleet. Thereafter the visiting ships will move along Spithead, and the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth will visit the French Admirals. Thursday and Friday will be given up to visits to London and Windsor. On Saturday the Mayor of Portsmouth gives a garden-party. On Sunday there will be a reception at Admiralty House, and on Monday the visit will terminate, the ships sailing as convenient. The Official Programme has been issued in a very beautiful format by the King's printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Bound in royal blue calf, the little volume contains charming illustrations of famous ships. An illuminated title-page shows the French and British flags entwined with a wreath of bay. With the programme goes a chart printed on satin, showing the moorings of the visiting and entertaining squadrons at Spithead.

THE BALTIC INCIDENT.

There has been little subtlety in the attitude of Germany during her recent Baltic scare. Now that she has thought better of her alarm, and is preparing to grasp the fist of the British tar in friendship, she probably realises that silence would have added a golden value to her hospitality. The welcome can never just be quite the same as it would have been had there been no talk of the Germanisation of the Baltic to the exclusion of the British Fleet; but Great Britain can afford to ignore these manifestations. It was obviously preposterous on the face of it that Germany could persuade the Powers surrounding the Baltic to close that inlet against Great Britain's fleet. Even had the thing come under serious consideration, it is highly improbable that Germany could have secured the consent of Russia to this scheme, for during the temporary disablement of the Tsar's naval power the Kaiser's fleet would have been supreme in the Baltic, which would thus have become a German lake. Nor could William II. have hoped to persuade the King of Denmark to close the Sound and the Little and Great Belt against British

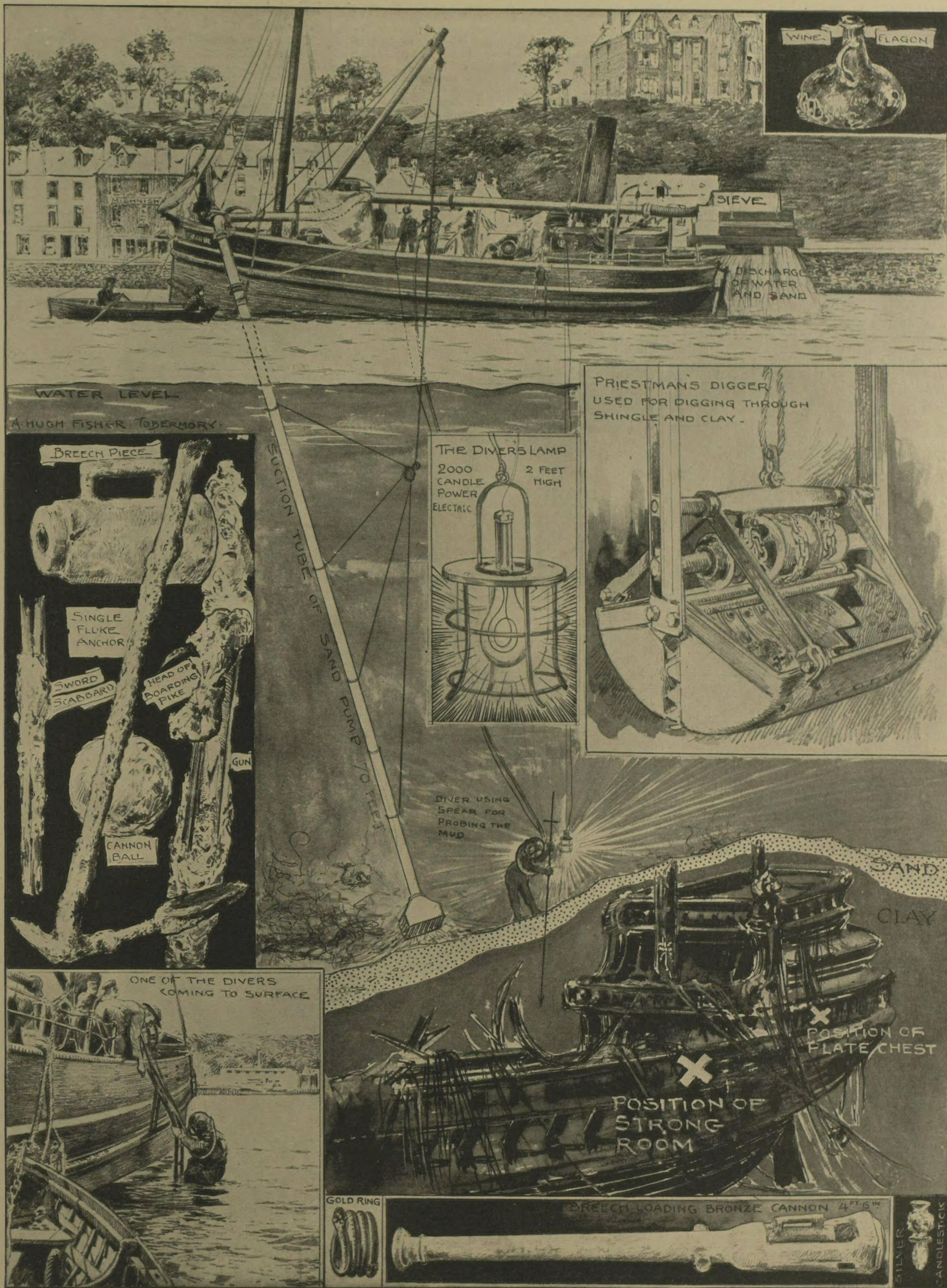


HORSE-FLESH EXTRAORDINARY IN THE HARVEST-FIELD: A TWENTY-FOUR-HORSE COMBINED HARVESTER AT WORK AT WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

PUMPING UP ARMADA RELICS: TREASURE-HUNTING AT TOBERMORY.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT TOBERMORY, ARGYLLSHIRE.



RELICS OF THE SUNKEN FLAG-SHIP OF THE FLORENTINE SQUADRON OF THE SPANISH ARMADA RECOVERED BY THE SAND-PUMP.

Captain William Burns, a salver of wrecks of life-long experience, is making a determined effort with the latest modern appliances on his salvage-vessel, the "Beamer," to obtain the treasure-chest and plate supposed to exist in the sunken flag-ship of the Florentine squadron of the Spanish Armada. Long the property of the Argyll family, the ship has hitherto defied the efforts of many contractors. We give drawings of some of the relics already brought to the surface, and an article on the subject will be found on another page.

slum children to the country for a holiday, and last year the number was 175,950. It is the population of a considerable city, but the founder is not content. Each year there are thousands of children that are left behind, and under the present system those who go can only be taken into the country for one day. Mr. Pearson desires to make the holiday at least a fortnight. The fund finds its children in the most squalid parts of every large city in the United Kingdom. The promoters and the Ragged School Union pay all the expenses of management. Every penny given by subscribers is spent on the children. The actual cost of sending a child into the country is ninepence, and there can be no doubt that, as the work of the fund becomes more widely known, the contributions will so increase that the holiday may be extended as the promoters desire. We do most heartily commend this scheme to the generosity of our readers, and those who can afford it may care to have the satisfaction of sending away an entire party of two hundred, the cost of which is £8 2s. Such a day is known to the children by the name of their benefactor. Subscriptions should be sent to the hon. sec., F.A.F., at any of the following addresses: *Pearson's Weekly*, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.; the *Daily Express*, Tudor Street, London, E.C.; the *Standard*, Shoe Lane, E.C. Acknowledgments will be duly made in the columns of these papers.

THE MANCHESTER RIOT.

A demonstration that caused a great deal of alarm, and might have developed into a serious riot, took place in Manchester on July 31. In Market Street a procession of the unemployed, bearing a banner inscribed "We demand the Unemployed Bill," was on its way to the

the result, whatever it may be, of such a plébiscite. In Norway there are about 25,000 electors of Swedish birth, and as many of these settled in the seceding country after they were grown up, they are dominated by Swedish ideas, and will, no doubt, vote against the dissolution. But in spite of this subsidiary issue, the sentiment of the Norwegian nation is irrevocably fixed towards independence, and there can be no going back on the decision of June 7. There will likely be strong opposition to the demand of Sweden to demolish the Norwegian frontier fortresses, even by that section of the Storting (the Right) which was originally opposed to their erection. Now, however, that the fortresses are completed, it would be considered a blow to the prestige and sovereignty of Norway that they should be dismantled at the bidding of Sweden. Nothing further has been done with regard to the candidature of Prince Charles of Denmark for the Norwegian throne.

GERMAN DEVICES. German Press Bureau are pretty

well known. A flagrant example is furnished by the circulation in America of lies aimed at England. We learn that President Roosevelt sharply remonstrated with the British Government for their endeavour to egg France into war with Germany. Mr. Roosevelt did nothing of the kind, and there have been no such endeavours. The



Photo. Mouger.

THE MEMORIAL TO ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. The statue of the late Archbishop of Canterbury was erected in Becket's Crown in Canterbury Cathedral. The Archbishop was represented kneeling. The sculpture was by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy; and the general design, with the surrounding decoration, is by Mr. W. D. Caröe. The architectural part of the memorial was executed by Mr. N. Hitch. The monument was unveiled by Dr. Davidson.

whole story was invented in Berlin with the help of a learned pundit. This personage reminds us of the German Professors who calumniated England during the South African War. He says that the British people are thirsting for German blood, and that we want to set France and Germany by the ears in order to reap all the advantage of a war that would be disastrous to both. This is malignant lying. The people of this country harbour no such ideas, and our learned friend knows it perfectly well. The only threats against the peace of Europe come from Germany; and it is to mask German ambitions that the Professor and his accomplices circulate these libels on England.

THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

German ideas of good faith and fairplay are illustrated in a striking fashion by the story of the Marshall Islands. Twenty years ago the British Government, in one of its moods of "graceful concession," handed the islands over to a German Protectorate on the express condition that British and Australian trade was to have equal rights with German trade. The German Government made over the Protectorate to a private German company, which proceeded to levy heavy dues on the ships of all nationalities. But as the German ships were the property of the company, the dues in this case were dues under one heading of the ledger and revenue under another. By this ingenious trick, they established a monopoly. Remonstrances at Berlin were treated with the usual supercilious contempt. But now that Australia threatens to retaliate on German trade, Berlin is singing a different tune. There seems to be something in retaliation after all.

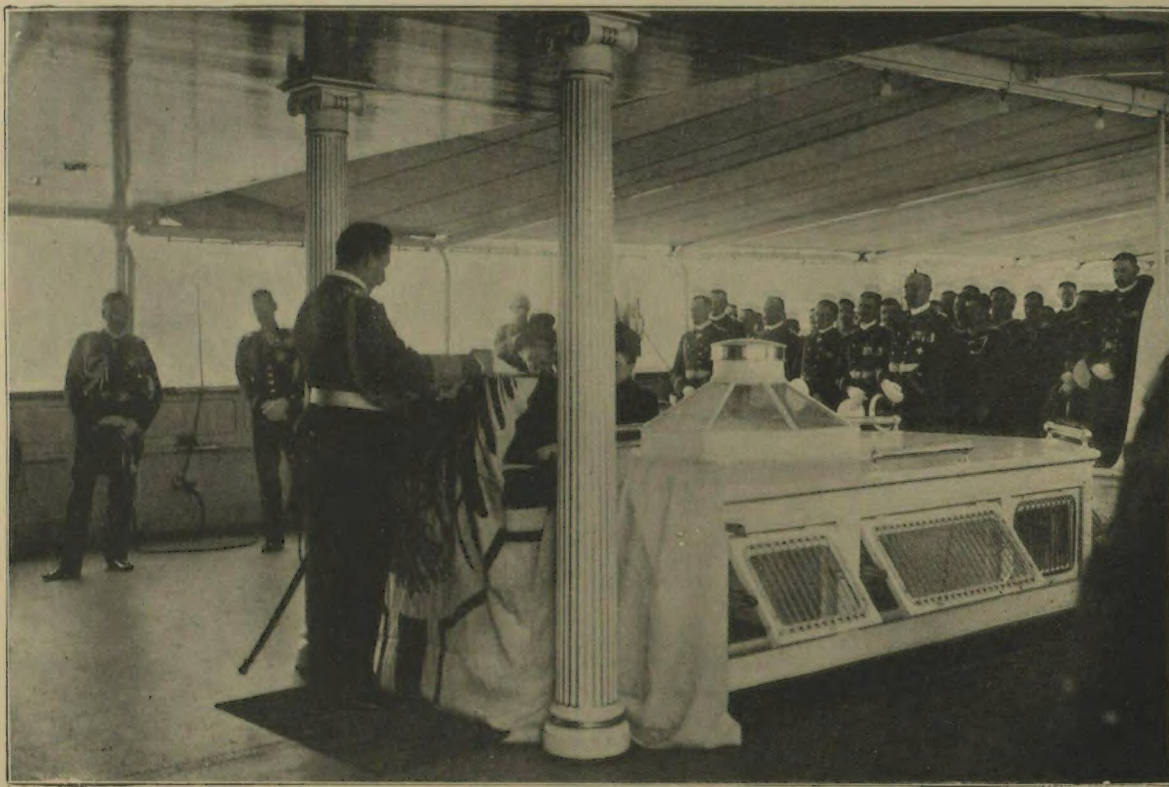


Photo. Jürgensen.

PRIEST AND EMPEROR: THE KAISER CONDUCTING PRAYERS ON BOARD HIS YACHT.

There is no rôle which the Kaiser does not assume on occasions, and he is most punctilious about the religious observances of his entourage: not infrequently his Imperial Majesty in person conducts morning service on board the royal yacht "Hohenzollern."

Infirmary Esplanade, to hold a demonstration in favour of putting pressure on the Government to pass the measure in which those who lack work are especially interested. The procession was flanked by a large number of constables, who had been detailed for this duty on account of the inflammatory declarations of the unemployed. Near the Exchange, the crowds blocked the traffic and ignored the recommendations of the police to cease the obstruction. Recriminations followed, and then the crowd got quite out of hand, whereupon the police charged the demonstrators and blows were exchanged. Several men were arrested, but were released in an hour or two. There was no serious casualty, and the worst injuries seem to have been a few bruises and cuts.

CHINESE LABOUR.

The upshot of all the agitation about Chinese labour in the Transvaal is that the new representative assembly in the Colony will be left to deal with the question as it thinks fit. This means that no matter what political changes may happen in Downing Street, the Ordinance will not be repealed. It is suggested that a Liberal Government will respect existing contracts, and then leave the Ordinance to "lapse." But it will not lapse if the Colony wishes it to continue. There is no sign of a contrary opinion. The Boers are notoriously indifferent. At none of their congresses has the Ordinance been a subject of complaint. Here the party which fiercely denounced Chinese labour as "slavery under the Union Jack," announces that, when it comes into office, it will acquiesce in the system.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

There is considerable satisfaction in Norway over the decision to appeal to the referendum on the question of the dissolution of the Union. There is one thing, however, that should be taken into account when considering

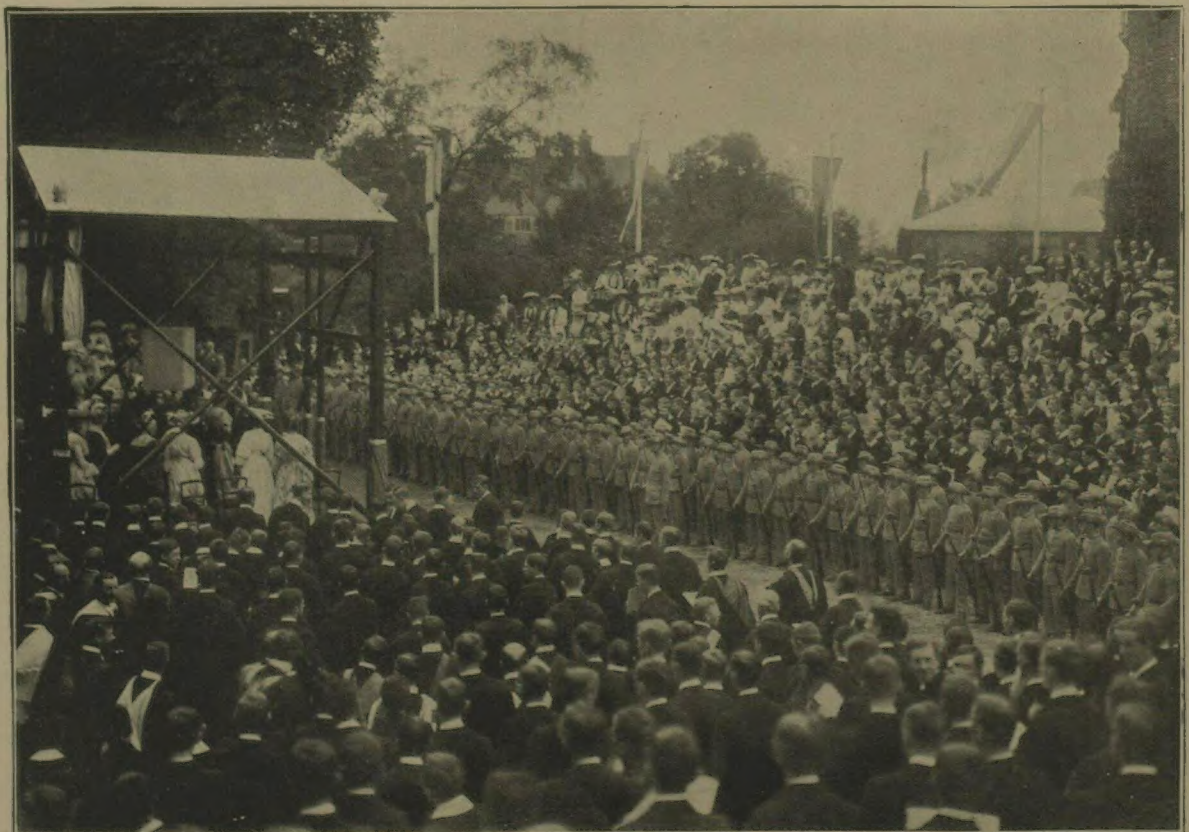


Photo. Press Picture Agency.

ETON COLLEGE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL: THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Thirty thousand pounds is to be spent in erecting memorial buildings which will keep alive the fame of the Etonians who fell in the South African War. The new structure will contain a school-hall, a library, and a classical museum executed in the Renaissance style by Messrs. L. K. Hall and S. K. Greenslade. Princess Alexandra of Teck laid the foundation-stone on July 29.

THE DUEL THROUGHOUT THE AGES: THE EVOLUTION OF SINGLE COMBAT, AN ITALIAN ARTIST'S SOUVENIR OF HIS MILITARY SERVICE.

SIX DRAWINGS BY F. MATANIA.



THE PRIMEVAL DUEL: A STRUGGLE FOR THE ETERNAL FEMININE
IN THE DAWN OF THE HUMAN RACE.



THE DUEL IN THE COLISEUM: THE RETIARIUS, OR NET-THROWER,
VANQUISHING A GLADIATOR.



THE DUEL ON HORSEBACK (MIDDLE AGES).



THE DUEL WITH THE TWO-HANDED SWORD (MIDDLE AGES).



THE DUEL IN THE DAYS OF "THE THREE MUSKETEERS" (17TH CENTURY).

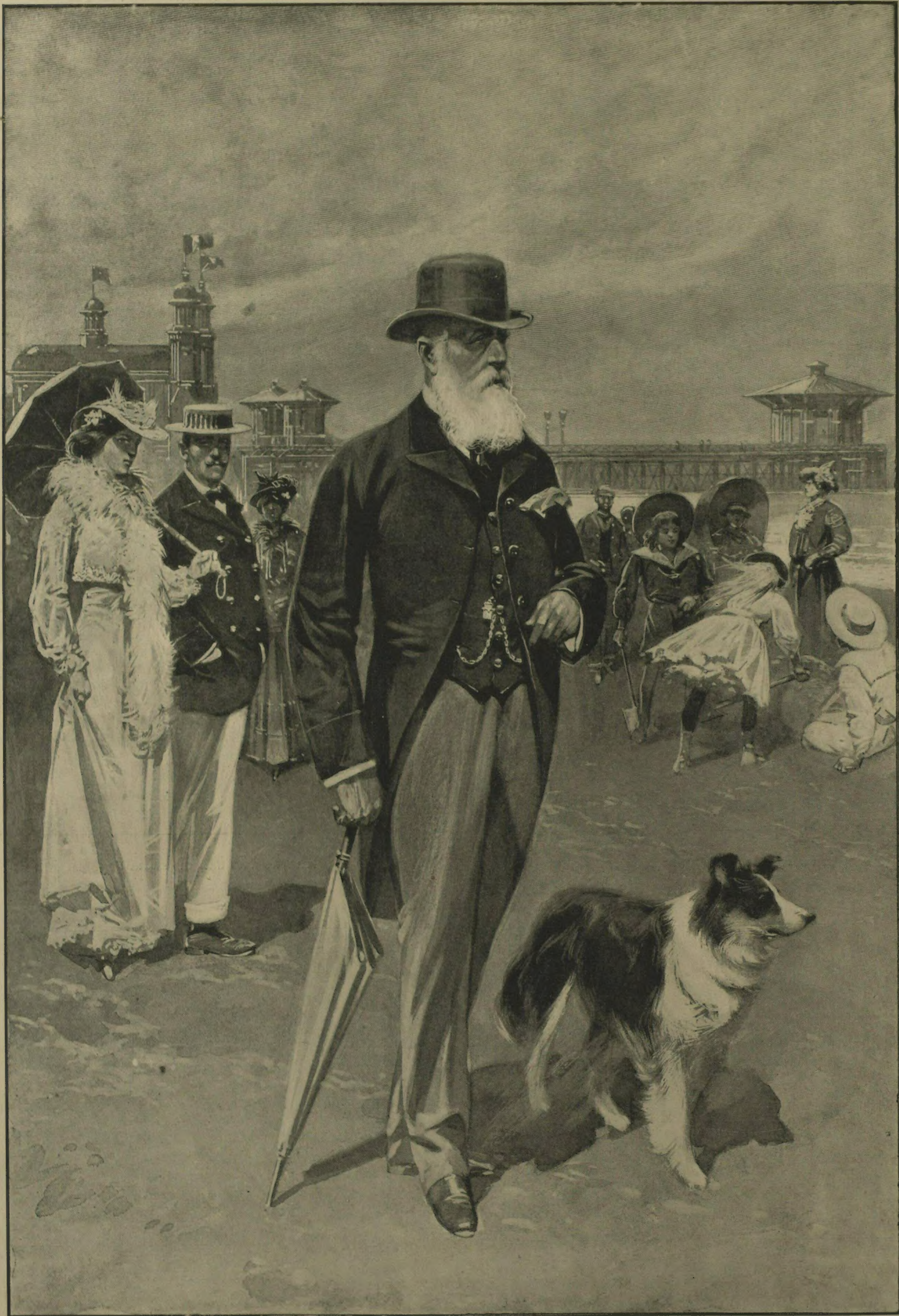


THE DUEL OF TO-DAY.

These pictures are a reminiscence of the artist's military service. During his last year in the 8th Regiment of Neapolitan Bersaglieri he painted these panels to decorate the barracks of Piazzafalcone, which dominates the extremity of the promenade of Santa Lucia, on the Bay of Naples. The only picture that requires detailed explanation is that of the Coliseum encounter, which shows a Numidian retiarius, or net-thrower, vanquishing a Roman gladiator. There was a half-sardonic allusion to the fisherman's craft in these contests. The retiarius strove to enmesh his man, and when he had him secure, he dispatched him with a trident.

THE BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS: THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, WHO HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATING THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE.

Last week Belgium celebrated the independence which was the outcome of the Revolution of 1830. At that time the country had only three million inhabitants, and its prospects were none of the brightest; but under the wise rule of King Leopold the little kingdom has prospered greatly, and is now one of the most prosperous and densely populated States in Europe. Its population numbers seven millions, and the people rejoice in free civil institutions. Its monarch is a man of great geniality, and at the recent Press Congress at Brussels he surprised everyone by his wonderful gifts as a linguist, addressing the delegates in nearly every European language.

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

A STORY OF PHYSICAL PRESSURE AND MORAL REACTION AFLOAT.

ILLUSTRATED BY CATON WOODVILLE



A "HELL-SHIP" had come into port with the usual tale of scurvy, starvation, and inhuman treatment of sailors, and four members of the New York Yacht Club sat at a table in the clubhouse grill-room discussing the case. One was a doctor, another an officer in the Navy, a third a lawyer and attorney for the Seamen's Branch of the Legal Aid Society, and the fourth a shipowner. He was a young man just come into his property, a line of sailing-craft not a stick of which he had ever laid eyes upon. But he had talked with some of his captains, and he shared, and now voiced, their hearty disapproval of the Seaman's Law lately enacted, which was designed by its framers to mitigate the very evils that were under discussion.

"It's nonsense," he had declared, when the talk was of the new—and very generous—scale of provisions provided by the law, which the consideration of starvation and scurvy naturally led to. "It's a fool law, and will be repealed. Why, no sailor can eat a quarter of the allowance, yet he can claim it as part of his pay, nibble at it, and throw it overboard, then claim more at the next meal."

Allerton contested this according to his lights as a lawyer, with a landsman's appetite, and the talk went on to the matter of abuse and maltreatment of men before the mast.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said Beresford, sternly inspecting their interested faces. "Here's a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property a thousand miles from land, in charge of one captain and a couple of mates, with twenty ignorant irresponsible toughs in the fore-castle ready to mutiny at any time. Going to let them take charge, or will you knock 'em down with a handspike when they show their teeth? What will you do under the circumstances? Come, now, put yourself in the captain's place."

"That is what you are doing," cried Allerton dryly. "Try and put *yourself* in the sailor's place."

But Beresford found this impossible. He was a big young man, clean-cut, competent—mentally and physically—and confident. His handsome face alert, and his eyes shining with enthusiasm, he went on defending his position, while the faces of the doctor and commander took on a bored expression, and Allerton grew dark with suppressed anger.

When the crimping system was reached the discussion grew warm.

"I tell you," asserted Beresford, mildly pounding the table, "no sane, sober man, minding his own business, can be kidnapped in the streets of New York and taken to sea. Why, what is our splendid police force for, if not to prevent such lawlessness?"

"Beresford," said Allerton hotly, "you deserve to be shanghaied yourself! It would do you good."

"It can't be done," answered Beresford defiantly. "I'm not a drinking man. I keep away from the slums and questionable places. I'm a trained athlete, able to take care of myself. I cannot be drugged if I do not drink, nor sandbagged if I watch out."

"A man can be rendered unconscious," said the doctor gently, "without the use of drugs or force."

"How?" asked Beresford.

"Stimulation of the pneumogastric nerve."

"What and where is it?"

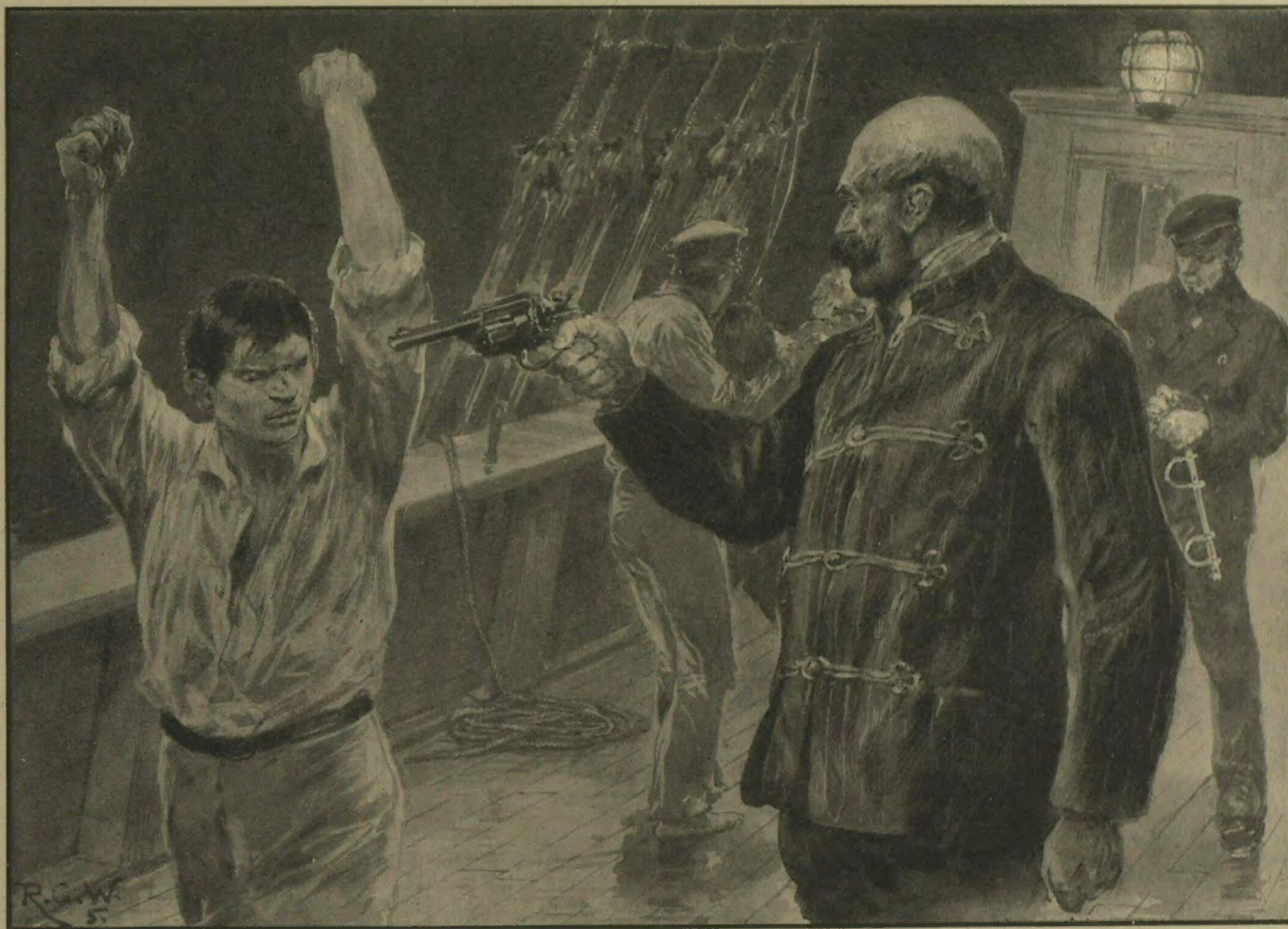
"It is the most complex nerve in the body. It is motor, sensory, and inhibitory at once. It arises in the medulla oblongata between the olivary and restiform bodies, passes through the jugular foramen, down through the thorax, to the—"

"Whew!" exclaimed the excited Beresford. "Pass it up, doctor! And Allerton"—he turned to the angry lawyer—"even though the police were negligent and a man were smuggled aboard ship against his will, have we no navy? Could not the ship be—"

"Beresford," interrupted Allerton haltingly, too incensed to be civil or coherent, "if I did not know you were perfectly sober I would—why, man, you talk like a—"

He paused, and, when more composed, turned to the doctor. "Isn't that nerve one of the vital points played on by the Japanese in their Jiu-Jitsu?"

"Yes, the Japs are wonderful anatomists—but really, gentlemen, I ought not to say more. It is against all medical ethics to make known the vital places of the



"March aft—quick, or I'll shoot you dead!"

human body. Even the Japanese instructors do not teach the whole science outside of Japan. Think of the murders that could be committed, with not an external sign of violence."

"And, captain," continued Allerton, a curious light in his keen eyes, "how about that navy of ours? Could you catch a ship with that floating express-train you command, and take a man out of her?"

"A torpedo-boat destroyer," answered the officer slowly, "can catch any ship that floats. As to leaving port and chasing her, why, that would require authority from Washington."

"Beresford," said Allerton, "Glasgow Mike, down in Cherry Street, can shanghai the—I was going to say President of the United States, but he is too well guarded. He can shanghai the Governor of the State, however, or the Mayor of New York, or you."

"I'll bet you ten thousand dollars," shouted Beresford, "that he can't."

Allerton half rose to his feet to answer this, but a waiter handed him a card, and he sat down.

"Well, speak of the devil," he said, as he read the card. "Michael McSorley, 710, Cherry Street. This is telepathy, surely! He must have asked for me about the moment I thought of him. The fact is, gentlemen, I've got Mike on the run for a little job of this kind that he pulled off last summer, and he's anxious. Wants a stay, I suppose. Excuse me while I see him."

He was gone about ten minutes, and when he returned his late anger had left him.

"Had some trouble," he said quietly, "in getting rid of Mike. He's badly frightened."

"Why shouldn't he be?" said the irrepressible Beresford.

"But he is not afraid of your immaculate police, Beresford. He's afraid of me."

"He's afraid of any sober, healthy man that minds his own business. All this talk of shanghaiing men is flubdub."

"Is it?" answered Allerton quickly. "And will you still bet ten thousand dollars that a sober, healthy, athletic American citizen, fully warned, cannot be abducted in the streets of New York and sent to sea before the mast?"

"Meaning myself?" queried Beresford.

"Yourself."

"I do. Police or no police, I am safe from that."

"I take your bet, Beresford. The Legal Aid Society needs your money, and permits me control of the funds. It has sufficient influence at Washington to start Captain Baker after you. Got your cheque-book with you?"—Allerton produced one of his own—"I wager ten thousand dollars of the Society's funds against your ten thousand that within two weeks you will wake up in the fore-castle of an out-bound American ship. Doctor Benson can hold the stakes."

Open-eyed, and slightly taken aback by Allerton's earnestness, Beresford mechanically drew forth a cheque-book, and in a minute, to the music of scratching fountain-pens, twenty thousand dollars of the national wealth concentrated on that small table. The doctor signed two receipts and pocketed the

chèques. Then a waiter handed him a slip of paper and he arose.

"Sick-call," he said laconically. "Good-evening, gentlemen. I will deposit the money and pay it to the winner." He left them.

Then another waiter called Captain Baker to the telephone, and he, too, took his departure, leaving Beresford and Allerton together. The conversation was naturally a little strained, while it lasted, and soon Allerton arose, pleading a theatre engagement, and left Beresford alone at the table.

Beresford looked at the receipt for ten thousand dollars given him by the doctor and put it away in his pocket-book. He lighted a cigar and smoked it out; then, a little lonely and out of sorts, he sought company, wandering through the dining-room, model-room, and the reception-rooms. In the billiard-room he found it, and used up the evening at the tables with men he hardly knew. At eleven o'clock he was tired of knocking balls about, tired of his own thoughts, and especially tired of his anger towards Allerton. He went to the cloak-room, procured his hat and overcoat, and went out into the street.

He had his choice of three objectives—Fifth Avenue to the east, with Delmonico's, Sherry's, and four clubs of which he was a member to entertain him; brilliantly lighted Broadway to the west with its crowd of theatre-goers seeking supper after the play; and his apartments across the street in the Royalton. It was a dark night, but the electric-lights made it almost like

day. Men and women, in pairs and alone, were passing by on both sides, and, just removed from the clubhouse entrance, a disconsolate horse that was attached to an express wagon waited patiently with drooping head. Beresford looked to the right and left, at the wayfarers and at the horse. Nothing determined him where to go; but as he stood debating with himself something heavy landed on his shoulder, a blinding, paralyzing agony of pain shot through his whole body, but found its acme of sensation in his throat; and before he could call out—before he could reach his hands up to the seat of the terrible pain, all power of utterance and volition left him, and with reeling senses he sank downward. Then he found himself lifted from the ground by a force he could not resist, whirled end over end in air, and the next thing he knew he was flat on his back in the express wagon, still without power of speech or movement, and with an evil, Asiatic face bending over him. Then came the horrid, racking pain once more, and consciousness left him.

He wakened a few times, at intervals of what seemed years to him, just sufficiently to hear the rumble and rattle of the wagon on the paving-stones, and to see the evil face above him; but each time came back the pain—and oblivion. Then he wakened once more, long after, in semi-darkness, with a flaring light in his half-opened eyes, a sound of washing water in his ears, and the evil face gone with its accompanying rack of pain. He was still on his back, but with power of movement now; and he rolled over towards the source of the light—a flickering naked flame from a hanging oil-lamp. It swayed to and fro, showing rows and tiers of shelf-like structures between two of which was a face with closed eyes, turned his way, and but partly illumined by the unsteady light. Yet he recognised it—the face that had hovered over him.

He rose to a sitting posture and bumped his head on the broad shelf above. It brought an involuntary groan to his vocal organs, but no sound responded. Then distant shouts came to his ears, and a voice near by roared: "Overhaul that clewline!" He noticed chests on the floor, and oilskin clothing hanging between the shelves. He was in a ship's fore-castle, at sea. And the only other occupant of the fore-castle was the man in the bunk opposite, asleep or unconscious, as he had been himself. He rolled out of the berth, just a little weak in the knees, and, approaching the sleeper, endeavoured to speak. He was dumb!

II.

With perspiration rolling down his face, Beresford stood for a moment trying to realise his situation. Little by little it came to him. Allerton, whom he had angered by his bragging, had won; he had arranged his reprisal while interviewing Glasgow Mike, and had taken his bet later—betting on a sure thing. Mike, who could shanghai the Governor of the State, had shanghaied him. But how? What was the power that had overcome him, a sober, intelligent man, fully warned?—No, he was not warned; the two weeks' time-limit was a trick to mislead him. It had thrown him off his guard. He had been duped, overpowered, abducted, and deprived of the faculty of speech. But how? Could this man before him explain? He had been concerned in it. In a frenzy of rage, Beresford seized the sleeper by the shoulder and half pulled him from the bunk.

"Wake up!" he strove to say; but the words would not come.

In his extremity of emotion he reverted to the inarticulate Age of Stone, and, exerting his strength, dragged the unconscious man from the bunk to the floor, and stood over him, raging and grimacing, trying to enunciate the dumb desire of his heart.

The sleeper struggled to his feet, and looked at Beresford with beady eyes almost hidden by half-closed, slanting lids. Then, as the dazed brain behind them wakened, they opened wide, wandering around the fore-castle, and finally returning to Beresford's working face with the glitter of a rage that matched his own. He was a small man, dressed in greasy rags, and of unmistakable Japanese extraction. Yet there was other blood in his veins; he was sunburned, but not yellow, and when his words came forth they came tinged with a decided Irish brogue.

"How d'd I git here?" he demanded fiercely. "This your work, or Mike's? You were the man wanted, an' I got ye; but what am I shanghaied fur?"

Unable to speak, Beresford reached for his notebook to write his thoughts; but the notebook was not there—neither was the pocket that had held it; and he noticed that he was clad in rags as dirty, tarry, and filthy as the other's.

"Oh, yer iz, all right!" remarked the other scornfully. "Yer travellin' on a through ticket, now; fur Hongkong an' a market, in one o' the Beresford ships, an' they're the hottest out of New York."

One of his own ships! Then his problem was solved. Beresford started for the open fore-castle door, but the half-breed called to him—

"What ye goin' out there fur? Lookin' fur trouble? Wait till it comes. Say, I'm on to Mike's move. You're one o' them swell mugs, an' I'm the man that done the job. But Mike's dead leary; the Legal Aid lawyer is camped on his trail, an' Mike wants to cover up his tracks in this job. That's why he gets rid o' me. Hold on."

Not quite agreeing with the explanation, and being in a hurry to see the captain, Beresford had turned to go, but he paused at the door.

"There's no use o' you and me workin' crossways!" continued the Jap. "I got ye, but I wuz workin' for Mike. He got me, an' put me next to ye. Now, I'm just the mon to remimber it, an' you an' me an' the Legal Aid lawyer can sind him up the river if we hold—"

"You two stiffs waked up? Hey!" interrupted a thundering voice at the door. "Come out o' that an' turn to!" Then followed a blast of profane abuse from a big, bearded man peering into the fore-castle.

Beresford would have explained, had he been able to speak and been allowed the time, but both speech and time were denied him; the big man—bigger than himself—collared and pulled him through the door, giving him a kick as he came that sent him headlong to the deck without. He arose maddened with pain, and would have taken issue with the big man at once had not the latter been fully engaged with the Jap. The two were at the door, locked tightly, the Jap lifted from his feet by his big antagonist; and they began whirling and reeling about the deck, while men gathered around in the darkness, watching, but not interfering. Beresford decided to settle with the big man later—after he had arranged matters with the captain—and he started aft; but as he went he heard the angry, strident voice of the Jap—

"I tell ye, I'll have none of this! I'm up against it an' here to stay—no wan knows it better than meself—but ye'll kape yer dom hands off me!"

Beresford did not stop. He had a yachtman's knowledge of sailing-craft; he knew that the captain was in the cabin, or above it, and he raced aft, passing a few dark figures hurrying forward, and burst into the forward cabin door, that opened from the high structure directly upon the main deck. Here, in the passage between the two mates' rooms, he found his way blocked by a man in a white apron, who, demoralised though he was, Beresford knew was the steward.

"Here, you can't come in here! Get out on deck, or I'll call the mate."

Beresford frantically grimaced in the effort to speak, and pointed at his mouth.

"I can't help it! Wait till breakfast-time—or is it a drink you're looking for? You'll get nothing here. Clear out, or I won't bother to call the mate!"

He gave Beresford a push that was almost a blow, then whirled him around and followed with another that sent him violently against the edge of the opened door. It was too much for the enraged and afflicted Beresford, and the next moment the steward was flat on his back, groaning with pain, and his employer was kneeling on his stomach, pounding his face with all the power of his fists. He pounded too hard; the steward emitted an unearthly screech, then was silent, and Beresford, ceasing hostilities to investigate, had just time to notice that the steward's mouth was wide open, as though he were resenting the assault by "making a face," when he was lifted to his feet and thrown bodily out of the door by a man bigger than the one that had pulled him out of the fore-castle.

"What the h—l are you doing in this cabin?" said the newcomer. "Steward, what's the matter with you? What's that man want in here? Can't you take care o' yourself? Get up!"

Beresford, scrambling to his feet in the outer darkness, his insane rage partly expended upon the steward, looked into the dimly-lighted passage and took account of the size and the might of the man leaning over the steward. He was bareheaded and clad in pyjamas, as though roused from his berth—a giant of a man, perfectly bald on the top of his head, with a bristling moustache and a broad, thick nose. This much Beresford had perceived, when his attention was attracted to men coming in the darkness, bearing a burden. "Lift his head higher," said a voice. "Take hold of his head, there, one of you. Mr. Boyd's knocked out, captain."

"What's that?" inquired the giant stepping out. Beresford had never seen this one of his captains; he drew back in the crowd of men.

"He's done up, Sir," answered the man who had spoken—evidently an officer. "He was having a run-in with one o' the two dopes that came out at the last minute, and—according to the men—just dropped down and lay quiet. Must ha' bust a blood-vessel, Sir."

"Put him in his bunk. Steward—oh, the steward's got a broken jaw! Where's that man that did it?" Beresford shuffled still farther back into the crowd. "Go get the Jap, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, Sir," and Mr. Smith started forward.

"And where's that four-legged swab that had the steward down?" The captain approached man after man, and they all shrank away, giving semblance and colour to Beresford's own evasion of the interview that he had sought. He was calmer now—he would wait until calmness came to the captain. So he scurried forward—a few others with him—and halted near the forward house, where Mr. Smith had found the Jap. "Come on, come on," he was saying. "You're wanted."

"All right, I told ye. I'll come—but kape yer hands off me."

Mr. Smith chose to ignore this very reasonable demand.

"What?" he roared. "None o' your lip!"

Beresford saw him launch his fist towards the face of the Jap, and follow with a vigorous lunge of his whole body; but what happened was indistinguishable in the darkness, only—Mr. Smith seemed to keep going on, rising slightly over the crouching figure of the Jap, and describing a trajectory that landed him heavily, a quivering, grunting mass, just about where, had his blow impacted, he might have expected to send the Jap.

"I tell ye," yelled the latter, "I'll have none of it! Kape yer hands off me!"

They crowded round the prostrate figure, quiet and still now, then scattered away, for the big man in pyjamas had bounded among them and was stooping over it. He rose up with a bellow of rage.

"Who did this?" he shouted. "Where's the man?"

"Right here," answered the Jap bravely. "I warned him."

"Hold your hands up, over your head!" commanded the captain, approaching him. "Up with them, and march aft—quick, or I'll shoot you dead! This is mutiny!"

Beresford saw the glint of a pistol in the captain's hand, saw the two arms of the Jap lifted in the

air—and melted farther away into the darkness. This night things were happening beyond his philosophy.

"Carry the second mate aft to his room, four of you," said the captain. "And, carpenter! Where's the carpenter?"

"Yes, Sir," answered a man from the group.

"Bring a pair of irons aft from the carpenter-shop, and stand by. The rest o' you men—stay forrard, or I'll lay you dead on the deck."

"Aye, aye, Sir!"

"Now, march, you yellow dog."

The procession moved aft—the unconscious officer carried by four bearers, the Jap with his hands up, the captain with levelled pistol, and, somewhat in the rear, the carpenter, hurrying along with jingling irons. Beresford remained forward with the rest, dumb, dazed with new sensations, and filled with a growing respect for the doughty Jap and for the mighty man in pyjamas who could conquer him.

But his respect for the captain changed to fear before daylight.

He did not go aft again. With both mates and the steward disabled, the captain was, perhaps, not in the most approachable frame of mind, and Beresford remained forward, mingling with the men and listening to their comments—which were valueless to him—and occasionally closing his ears against a harrowing shriek of pain coming from the neighbourhood of the poop. "Triced up by the fall o' the cro'-jack buntline," was the explanation offered by one of the men who had carried the second mate aft, and Beresford could see, dimly in the dark, a figure whirling and swaying across the deck from rail to rail as the ship rolled, and, once in a while, bumping in transit against the mizzenmast.

Beresford was overcome. The fury that had expended itself upon the steward would not come back. His vocal organs, in some mysterious way, were paralysed—he could neither ask nor answer questions; he did not know what time it was, the name of the ship, or the name of the captain. Men spoke to him, peered into his face as he grimaced, and turned away. Some cursed him, and one or two threatened him. Nowhere was there paper and pencil wherewith he could write his explanation. He stood alone, ragged and forlorn—outcast from men ragged as himself. There being none to gainsay him, discipline being suspended for the night, he crept into the fore-castle bunk he had occupied, and went to sleep.

III.

He was wakened by conversation. The fore-castle was crowded with men, each with tin pot and pan, mustering around a huge coffee-pot and a smoking dish of hash. Another man appeared in the door with a dishpan full of bread, and another with a large, square can of butter.

"Ah, ha!" said one, stabbing at the hash with a large spoon. "This is the stuff! No more starvation in the Beresford ships. Tater hash—d'ye see it? Taters, and soft tack. That's the new law."

"But don't der new law say someding about tricin' oop men?" asked a German of the crowd. "I tink der skipper kill dot fellar. When I take der wheel he yell—'Oh, my golly!' Der blood run down his arms."

"Wrist irons too small," said another—an Irishman. "If they're big enough they slip up to the knuckles; but small 'uns catch the wrist-bone. Well, he brought it on himself."

"Da's right," said a Frenchman of the crew as he reached for the coffee-pot. "Ze cook say ze mate him cannot breathe. An' ze zecon' mate—he head broke; he cannot think. An' ze steward—he jaw broke. Who broke zat jaw?"

"Dunno. Wasn't the Jap," said the first speaker. "He was forrard. Some 'un in th' other watch. What'll the skipper do—the two mates knocked out and the steward? He'll have to stand both watches an' make his own bed, too. Gimme some coffee. Hello, dummy, are you alive? Get down here. Where's yer pot an' pan?"

Beresford had clambered down from the bunk. He had no pot and pan, but they found him both, and fed him. He was ravenous, yet it was with the utmost difficulty that he forced some of the food down his throat. It was salt-beef hash, with onions—a rare dish at sea, but coarse fare for him; and there was no milk in the coffee, nor knives, nor forks—nor a table.

Yet the repast strengthened him, giving him courage and energy to seek and procure a pencil and scrap of paper, with which he could communicate his plight to the captain. Again he started off to interview him, and this time succeeded; but it was an unpleasant experience.

The captain, fully dressed now, and with an angry, anxious face, was driving the manacled Jap down the poop-steps as Beresford drew near the cabin. He paid no attention to Beresford, but followed the Jap and halted him near the cabin door. The wrists of the latter were a horrible sight, swollen, macerated, and red with congealed blood, fresh drops of which now fell to the deck. His yellow face was ghastly and drawn with pain; his beady eyes sparkled with suppressed fury that showed no abatement when they rested for a moment on Beresford. But he shrank before the huge captain in genuine fear.

"Steward!" cried the captain through the doorway. "Come out here and identify this man."

"I told ye, captain," groaned the suffering wretch, "that I nivver saw the steward. Someone else did him up."

"But you did up my two mates, dash you! If you can do that you can do more."

"I wuz forrard, captain. I cudden git aft. How cud I?"

"I'll see. I'll see when the steward turns out. How do you do these things—a monkey like you?"

(To be concluded.)

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA: THE COWES WEEK.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.



A TRIAL SPIN ON THE SOLENT.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN THE BALTIC: THE KAISER'S SWEDISH VISIT.

Drawn by H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TH. JÜRGENSEN, S.M.V. "HOHENZOLLERN."



1. THE KAISER AWAITING KING OSCAR ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN."
2. THE KAISER SALUTED BY HIS OFFICERS ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN."

3. OUR GERMAN IMPERIAL READER: THE KAISER TURNING OVER "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN."

4. GERMANY AND SWEDEN: THE KAISER AND KING OSCAR ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN."
5. THE KAISER IN SWEDISH UNIFORM.

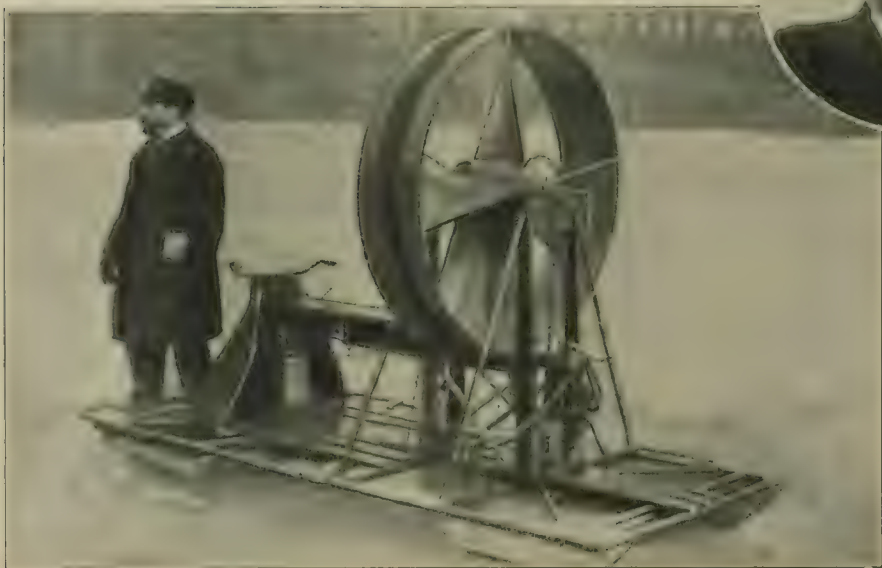
Owing to political considerations, the German Emperor abandoned his usual Norwegian cruise this year, and instead he visited the coast of Sweden. His Imperial Majesty touched at Gefle, and an interview took place between the Swedish and German monarchs on board the "Hohenzollern" in the outer roads.

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST POISON: THE ARDUOUS TASK OF A MOROCCAN PALACE OFFICIAL.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AN INDISPENSABLE PRELIMINARY TO A PALACE DINNER AT FEZ: INSPECTING THE SEVENTY-TWO DISHES PREPARED FOR AN AMBASSADORIAL BANQUET.
The ancient Roman office of the prægustator, or taster, who played so important a part in the palace of the Emperors, but who was so cleverly evaded when Britannicus was poisoned, is still indispensable at Fez. This worthy functionary must inspect every dish for the royal banquets, and, as the courses sometimes number seventy-two, his work is no sinecure, not to mention the risk he runs of his life.



Photos. Sanders

1. AN AERO-MOTOR USED AS A SLEIGH.

4. THE DETAIL OF THE INVENTION.

3. THE INVENTOR, MR. J. BRUCE MACDUFF.

2. AN AERO-SLEDGE.

5. THE AERO-PINION ATTACHED TO A MOTOR-CAR.

TO SUPERSEDE DOGS IN POLAR EXPLORATION: DRIVING SLEDGES BY A REVOLVING FAN.

The *aero-pinion* is an invention which can be attached to a motor-car and can propel it by a revolving fan or screw. The fan is four-bladed, and is driven by a gasoline engine. It can be attached both to a motor-car and to the sledge, but it is from the latter combination that the inventor expects most. He suggests that it may supersede dogs in Antarctic exploration.



Photo. Emberson.

WIMBLEDON'S CHARTER: THE CHARTER MAYOR, MR. HAMSHAW, AND THE TOWN CLERK, MR. BUTTERWORTH, READING THE CHARTER AT THE BOUNDARY OF THE NEW BOROUGH.

On July 26 Wimbledon celebrated its incorporation as the youngest borough of Surrey. The chief magistrate and the town clerk brought the charter from Whitehall in procession, and at the entrance to the new borough the document was formally rehearsed to the enthusiastic townspeople.

THE MAELSTROM AS A PASTIME: ANOTHER MECHANICAL SENSATION.

DRAWN BY ALAN STEWART, BY THE COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



I. THE TERRIBLE VOYAGE IN PROGRESS. II. THE METHOD OF RUNNING THE BOATS DOWN THE SPIRAL. III. SECTION OF THE SUCCESSIVE TURNS OF THE ARTIFICIAL MAELSTROM.

The artificial maelstrom has been constructed in a building one hundred feet wide and over fifty feet high. It consists of a huge spiral inclined plane over which a torrent of water pours. Round the terraces of the incline runs a railway on which the boats of this terrific chute descend. They go down at an accelerated speed, and at last disappear through an opening at the bottom of the pool, being apparently sucked into the awful vortex. Electrical effects make the whirlpool appear a wild body of water.

REVIVING THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY AT THE BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE FÊTES: THE TOURNAMENT.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRUSSELS



THE BRUSSELS TOURNAMENT: BREAKING A LANCE BEFORE THE BOX OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

At the recent fêtes commemorating the declaration of the independence of Belgium, one of the most picturesque of the spectacles was the revival of a tourney in Flanders in the fifteenth century. King Leopold was present and presided over a magnificent assemblage. Among the spectacles were the pas d'armes, the running at the quintain, and the tourney proper, where knights in armour and trappings faithfully copied from those of the century they represented ran at each other and splintered lances with a gallantry worthy of the best days of chivalry. The costumes of the knights representing Philip the Good, the Count of Charolais, and the Duke of Cleves were especially admired.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND: REMARKABLE QUARRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERCY M. CLARK.



1. HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

2. WATER-HOLES.

3. YOUNG SABLE BULL.

4. THE RESULT OF ONE DAY'S SHOOT WITH THREE GUNS IN BAROTSELAND.

5. A REEDBUCK.

6. A HIPPOPOTAMUS COMING UP TO BREATHE.

7. A PRONGHORN.

Barotseland offers splendid opportunities to the big-game hunter. These scenes of a recent expedition go to prove how rich the country is in wild animals, and how splendid a bag capable sportsmen may expect to make.



Bouvines. Forbin. Cassini. Téméraire. Masséna. Henri IV. Carnot. Jauréguiberry. Léon Gambetta. Gloire. Alsace. Cassini.

THE BRITISH RETURN OF FRENCH HOSPITALITY: OUR COMING NAVAL GUESTS, THE FRENCH SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.

The flag-ship of the French squadron is the "Jauréguiberry," built in 1893. She is of 11,324 tons and carries 621 of a crew; she is Cruiser-armed; the maximum speed is 18 10 knots. The "Léon Gambetta" is of 12,416 tons and her crew numbers 710. The "Alsace" is of 10,014 tons and her complement is 600. The "Carnot" is of 11,980 tons and her complement is 625. The "Condé" and "Gloire" are each of 10,000 tons and carry 600 men. The "Masséna" is of 11,924 tons and her complement is 610. The "Henri IV," is of 8,950 tons and carries a crew of 461. The "Bouvines" is of 6,500 tons and carries 335 men. The "Téméraire" is of 6,333 tons and carries the same complement as the "Bouvines." The "Forbin" is a protected cruiser of 1924 tons with a complement of 210. The "Cassini" is a torpedo gun-boat of 960 tons and carries 139 men.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT SLEEP.

When Sancho Panza called down blessings on the head of the man who invented sleep, he was stating in his own way an opinion which, better expressed, might take the form of the assertion that to sleep well is a high privilege, and that to sleep ill is one of the greatest of our afflictions. To prove the latter part of the opinion, one has only to ask for the experience of a person suffering from insomnia. He is tired out by his nightly vigil; each morning finds him depressed; each day's work becomes more and more difficult of performance; and in due season, if relief comes not, he passes into a state of physical and mental collapse. It is part of Nature's rhythm that sleep and waking should alternate. She has so far adjusted matters that the sleep both of animals and plants is regulated by the fading of the light and the oncoming of the darkness. That which determines our rest is therefore fatigue, but it is a weariness which is just as normal in its way as is the work of the waking hours.

The direct cause of sleep has afforded subject-matter for many a theory. Old speculations referred its origin to alterations in the pressure of blood supplied to the brain. Experiment and observation seemed to show that less blood circulated through the brain in the sleeping than in the waking state. This view was held to correspond with general scientific expectation. The lessening of the activity of an organ, it was argued, should be associated with a diminished supply of the vital fluid. But opposed to this view was another, which on very reasonable grounds held that the brain's constitution, while it might provide for a diminished blood-pressure in sleep, could not be regarded as being capable of sustaining a lessened supply. Again, we know, of course, that all our brain-cells are not equally affected by sleep. The organ as a whole is lulled to repose. Even those cells that may be said to constitute the "night shift" of brain workers, and which are active in sleep guarding and controlling vital acts that never cease—such as the action of heart and lungs—must be regarded as being eased somewhat of their duties in repose.

But the essential feature of sleep is undoubtedly the cessation of that consciousness which is the real essence of our being. Our consciousness vanishes away by degrees as we go to sleep and as sleep deepens. There is a regular order to be traced in respect of the oncoming of slumber in different centres of the brain. The first to go under are the intellectual centres; later on the sensory ones close their premises, and even in their case a certain order can be noted in their dropping business for the night. It is in this rhythmic fatigue of brain-cells that we may most hopefully find an adequate explanation of sleep. Whether it may be that, as has been suggested, the primary cause of our slumbers is the relative exhaustion during the day of the store of oxygen they need, producing a desire for rest, its recuperation taking place during the night and in the absence of work, is difficult to determine. We may rest content, so far, with the idea that the sleep instinct starts in one way or another from weary brain-cells.

The importance of an adequate amount of sleep to everybody cannot be exaggerated, but the case of the young demands special consideration. This topic has been receiving attention of late days at the hands of medical men, and especially from those who are engaged in supervising the health interests of schools. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that youth does not always enjoy as large an amount of repose as is necessary for the due development of body. Eight hours' sleep, we are told, is a stinted measure for a growing youth. A published table compiled by the author of a most interesting paper on the hours of sleep at public schools—Dr. T. D. Acland—shows us that no fewer than twenty-seven medical officers of schools and other experts declare nine hours as the minimum amount of sleep required for growing boys. Nine of them advocate 10 hours; eight, 9½ to 10 hours; six, 9 to 9½ or 9 to 10; and four, 9 as a minimum.

We reach the conclusions as the result of expert study of boys' health and habits that "ample hours of sleep are necessary for the best development of growing boys, and that up to sixteen years of age, from 9½ to 10 hours of undisturbed rest in bed in winter, and from 9 to 9½ in summer would be in no way excessive." The case of the old presents much the same features to us as does that of the young. The latter are developing their powers; the former have to husband theirs. One old lady I knew used to spend one day, and sometimes two, in bed per week. She believed that her good health was much fostered by the rest, and there is ample reason to agree with her opinion.

It is curious, however, to note the great differences which exist among us in the matter of the capacity for sleep. I have heard it related of the First Napoleon that he could go to sleep at any time and in any position. This is an enviable quality, especially to a brain-busy man. Again, it is notable that, if the tired man can drop off in a sound sleep for even a few minutes, he receives a decided fillip, and is able to continue his work, for a time at least, with renewed vigour. Then comes the question of the quality of our sleep. All sleep is not refreshing. "Quality," says my friend Dr. T. B. Hyslop, of Bethlem Royal Hospital, "is as essential as quantity for building up the preservative power of sleep"; and Dr. Hyslop knows full well what sleep means in the treatment of the insane. Only, in this busy age, where can we go in order that we may sleep in peace? This is the rub. Town noises and country noises alike tend to banish repose, and even when asleep it is probable noise promotes a kind of sub-conscious disturbance not conducive to sound rest. At the least, if we sleep well, we may re-echo Sancho Panza's opinion.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A G BRADLEY (Dublin).—Problem to hand, with thanks, and shall receive our attention.

C BURNETT.—We do not recollect seeing your inquiry, but we shall always be pleased to look at your problems.

G D FARMER (Ancaster, Ontario).—While you have got the right solution of No. 3100—and we have acknowledged it—your other attempts are, we fear, beside the mark. It cannot possibly be solved except by the author's move of 1. Kt to K 7th.

F L W CORFIELD (Alexandria, Egypt).—We shall be pleased to give your problem our careful consideration.

TRIAL (Dunblane).—The reply to Kt takes Q is Kt to B 2nd, a fact which greatly enhances the merit of the problem.

J DALLIN PAUL.—Much obliged. The problem shall have early examination.

B G A (Romeford).—After 1. Q to Kt 8th, what happens if 1. P takes R (a Knight, etc.)?

F JAMES.—We cannot reply by post; but any bookseller will obtain to your order a copy of the work you mention.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3180 received from Thakur Hari Singh (Pratap Nagar); of No. 3102 from C Field junior (Atholl, Mass.); of No. 3103 from D Newton (Lisbon), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), John Matthieson (Glasgow), and Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 3104 from C E Perugini, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry, D Newton (Lisbon), Charles Burnett, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), and Joseph Cook.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3105 received from J D Tucker (Ilkley), R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, A Dennison (Margate), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Edith Corser (Reigate), W Hopkinson (Derby), Joseph Cook, J J Parsons (Crouch End), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Doryman, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), P Daly (Brighton), T Roberts, J A Hancock (Bristol), Charles Burnett, J W Haynes (Winchester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Shadforth, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), F Henderson (Leeds), L Desanges (West Drayton), and Sconic.

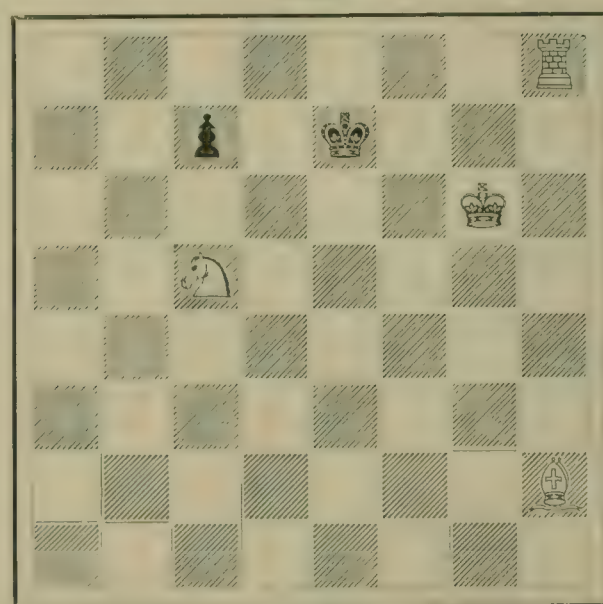
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3104.—By FRED THOMPSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to R 4th R takes P
2. Q takes P (ch) K or R takes Q
3. Kt or R mates.

If Black play 1. R to R 5th, 2. Q to K 6th; and if 1. P to R 6th, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch), and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 3197.—By THE REV. G. DOBBS (New Orleans).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT OSTEND.

Game played in the International Tournament between Messrs. JANOWSKY and LEONHARDT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. P to K 3rd Castles
6. B to Q 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd P takes P
8. B takes P P to Q Kt 3rd
9. Q to K 2nd B to Kt 2nd

A good position for the Bishop, and it will be found of the utmost importance to the subsequent play.

10. Castles Kt to Q 4th
11. B takes B Q takes B
12. Q R to B sq P to Q B 4th
13. B takes Kt P takes B
14. P takes P P takes P
15. K R to Q sq P to B 3rd
16. Kt to Q R 4th Q R to B sq
17. Q to Kt 5th Kt to K 5th

Successfully preserving his centre Pawns against the strong attack White has set up, and in turn taking the offensive on his own account.

18. Kt to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd
19. Q to Kt 3rd Kt takes Kt
20. Q takes Kt K R to Q sq

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
21. Q to Q 3rd R to B 3rd
22. R to B 4th
None the less serviceable because it is somewhat showy. Black is developing a formidable movement, and White needs all his strength to resist it.

22. R (Q sq) to Q 3rd
23. R to K Kt 4th R to K Kt 3rd
24. R to K B 4th R (B 3) to B 3rd
25. R to B 5th P to K R 4th

An unfortunate oversight—another case of time pressure which gives away a won game. P to Q 5th seems to leave White without effective reply, for if 26. R takes R, Q takes R; 27. Kt to K sq, B takes Kt P, 28. Kt takes B, Q to B 6th; 29. Q to B sq, R takes Kt (ch), etc.; and if 26. P takes P, P to B 5th, 27. R to K 5th, Q to B sq, 28. Q to K 3rd, R takes Kt achieve the same result.

26. R to K 5th Q to Q 2nd
27. Kt to Kt 5th
Profiting by his escape, White soon puts the issue beyond doubt, and winds up with a neat finish.

27. P to Q 5th
28. P takes P P to B 5th
29. R (Q sq) to K sq B to B 3rd
30. Q takes P Resigns.

Another Game in the Tournament, played between Messrs. MARSHALL and BLACKBURNE.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd P takes P
4. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
5. B takes P Q Kt to Q 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd
7. Castles B to Kt 4th
8. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 2nd
9. P to K 4th P to Kt 5th
10. P to K 5th

The immediate cause of White's subsequent trouble. It must be surely imprudent to clear the Knight's file for the opposing Rook, bearing directly on his Castled King.

10. P takes Kt Kt P takes P
11. P takes P R to K Kt sq
12. P takes P R to K Kt sq

Black can afford this Pawn. In fact, its loss affords a freer field of action.

13. B takes K R P R to Kt 2nd
14. B to B 2nd P to K B 4th
15. R to K sq Q to B 3rd
16. B to B 4th B to Q 3rd

Rightly preventing the Bishop from becoming a factor in the defence.

17. B takes B P takes B
18. R to Kt sq B to Q 4th
19. B to R 4th K to K 2nd
20. P to B 4th

An ingenious trap. If now B takes P, 21. B takes Kt, R takes B; 22. Q to R 4th

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
(ch), B to Kt 4th; 23. R takes B, and a piece is won.

20. B to K 5th
21. B takes Kt Q to R 3rd
22. B to R 4th R takes P (ch)

It was not very obvious why Black abandoned a piece on his previous move; but this beautiful and effective stroke makes the strategy quite clear. It will be found mate follows the capture of the Rook.

23. K to B sq Q to R 6th
24. R takes B P takes R
25. R to Kt 4th (ch) K to B 3rd
26. Kt to K sq R to Kt 8th (ch)
27. K to K 2nd

Again to take the Rook is fatal.

27. Q to R 4th (ch)
28. K to Q 2nd Q to R 4th (ch)
29. K to K 2nd Q to B 6th
30. B to B 2nd Q takes P (ch)
31. K to K 3rd Q to B 6th (ch)
32. K to K 2nd R takes Kt (ch)
33. Q takes R Q takes B (ch)
34. Q to Q 2nd Q takes Q (ch)
35. K takes Q R to R sq

And Black's extra Pawn wins in the ending. The game recalls the best days of Black, and was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes.

THE DEFEAT OF THE PRIEST'S BOY.*

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Barney Nolan, the Priest's Boy, being used to dominate, could not bring his neck to bend beneath any woman's rod; but, on the contrary, considered that Nancy Kelly, the postmistress, far from exacting, should bring him homage. It was Greek and Greek. Nancy had the advantage in good staying powers, Barney in tact. Where Nancy gave verbal expression to her feelings of bitter animosity, Barney merely acted his, under cover of a Lord Chesterfield politeness; and this irritated Nancy more than if he had slapped her face.

Only, Nancy, at length, got him to betray the man that lurked behind the skilled politician. There was a son of Johnnie Brodwin's who went to the States; and, having a taste for colours, he used to adorn the envelopes of his letters to Father Dan with a many-coloured eagle bearing in his beak a scroll on which the address was elegantly penned. Altogether, this decorated envelope was a work of art. But Barney was often and often puzzled to know why the envelope was disfigured with dirt before it reached his hand. One day he found Nancy's youngest sitting upon the floor amusing itself with a recently arrived letter—to keep the baby quiet and out of mischief, whilst Nancy went to the well. Barney forgot his Lord Chesterfield that day. Nancy retailed to the neighbours how Barney Meehan ferociously snatched the letter from the innocent child's hand and glared at the poor creature as if he would stick it to the heart; and how, towards herself, he behaved like "an unnatural, uncultivated bear." And after that the strained relations that had existed attained a tension that was too acute to last. Daily, henceforward, Nancy Kelly was getting still more and more provoking. She met Barney's complaints with unkind jests or cruel sneers. He threatened her with all the terrors of the Church of which as Priest's Boy he was a humble representative, and vowed to bring down upon her head the vengeance of Father Dan.

But to Barney's consternation she, with reckless temerity, snapped her fingers—snapped her fingers, and said—

"That! for both you an' Father Dan!"

The grass did not grow under Barney's heels till he was home to Father Dan with this bit of intelligence. Father Dan helped himself generously from his snuff-box when Barney had unburdened, and he said, "Barney, Nancy Kelly's past prayin' for, I see." "But," said Barney, in alarm, "aren't ye goin' to punish her as she deserves?"

"Indeed, and I am that, Barney. Take a snuff. I mean to leave her to the torments of her own conscience."

Barney quitted Father Dan in a towering wrath. He knew that Nancy Kelly had not a conscience.

"If every varaygo in the parish takes to snappin' their fingers at both of us, it 'ill be your disarts," he angrily impressed on the priest. Barney next threatened to invoke upon Nancy the powers of "The Postmaster Giniral." But Nancy brazenly laughed this threat to scorn. Barney did not know that gentleman's address; and besides, even if he did, if Barney Meehan had the impudence to drop into her post-office a letter containing barefaced insinuations about herself, she would light the fire with said letter, and then she "would just like to see him dare to darken her door with his forbiddin' countenance after."

Barney was checkmated. He tried to stir up sedition against Nancy, and talked treason all around. Finally, when he thought he had the country ripe for it, he went to Ned Carrabin's wake of Glencough to raise the standard of rebellion. With the exception of half a dozen of those old wiseacres, let-well-enough-alone creatures, who exist in every parish, Barney here found he had the country behind him. Accordingly, it was agreed that six men selected, with Barney Meehan as spokesman, should wait upon Nancy Kelly after Mass on Sunday, and respectfully but firmly state their grievances and demand redress.

Poor Barney had not allowed for the pot-valour which, he should have known, always exists at social gatherings. Next morning, the heroes, alack! were literally tripping over one another to see who would be the first to divulge the conspiracy to Nancy. John the Tailor, who Barney thought should have flourished in the days of chivalry, and borne a lance in brave but hopeless causes, was first. And when Barney himself, in the timid mood that will possess the greatest and most daring of men on the verge of a great crisis, called on Nancy that day for his letters, his breath was taken away when Nancy, looking him full in the eye, said with that awful calm that precedes a tornado—

"Barney Meehan, I'm toul' ye wor at Ned Carrabin's wake last night?"

Barney could only gasp. Nancy waited long enough to let her dire meaning sink into his soul. Then she said, speaking with deep and deliberate emphasis, "Barney, ye're a swindlin' imposther, an' an inther-farin' blaguard," and she still followed him with her terrible eye, as he, dumbfounded, slunk out of the door.

On Sunday after, Barney, finding his nerves fairly well strung again, descended upon the boys when they had gathered, before Mass, outside the chapel gate. He turned upon them the bitter vials of his wrath, and denounced them as "crawlers," rolling the word with diabolic relish on his tongue—

"Yous is cr-r-lawlers," he said. "Cr-r-lawlers, an' yous 'ill never be anything but cr-r-lawlers! An' you, John the Tailor!—the pinch-faced John winced—'you're the pr-r-rince of cr-r-lawlers!'"

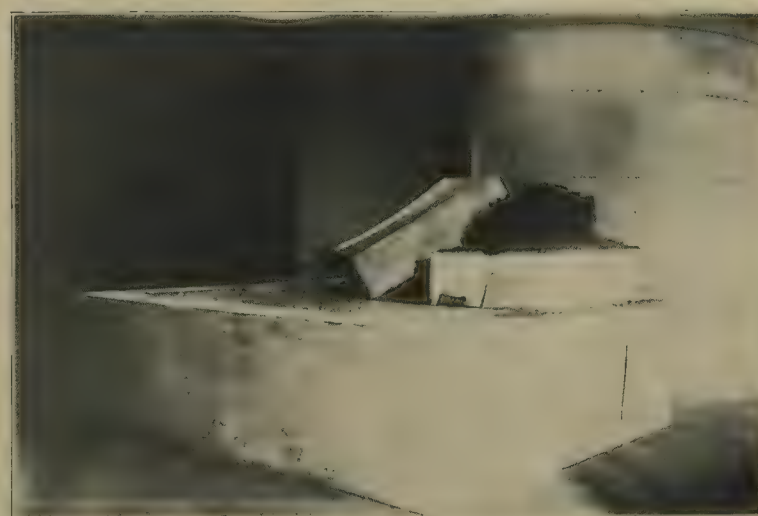
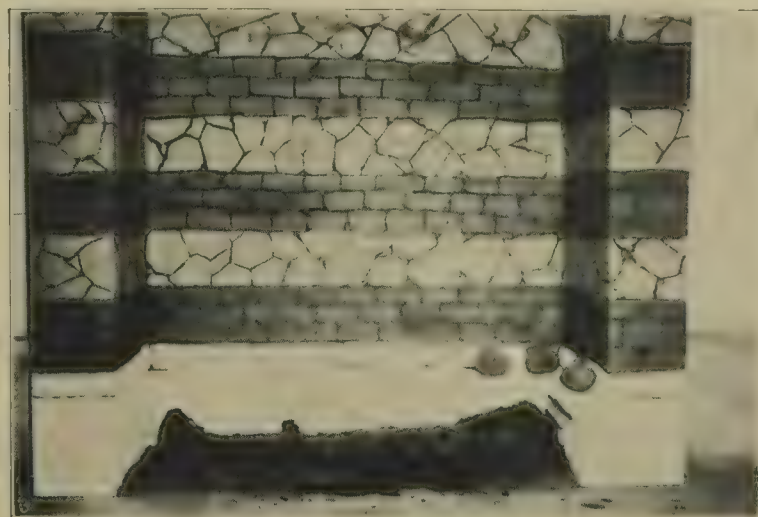
But, storm at these people as he might, and cow them as he might, and did, he had to confess to himself, in the anguish of his heart, that he feared to meet Nancy's eye again and return her defiant glance.

For, alas! poor Barney's spirit was broken.

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QUAINT RELICS OF EGYPTIAN LIFE: DISCOVERIES AT ANTINOE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO-NOUVELLES.



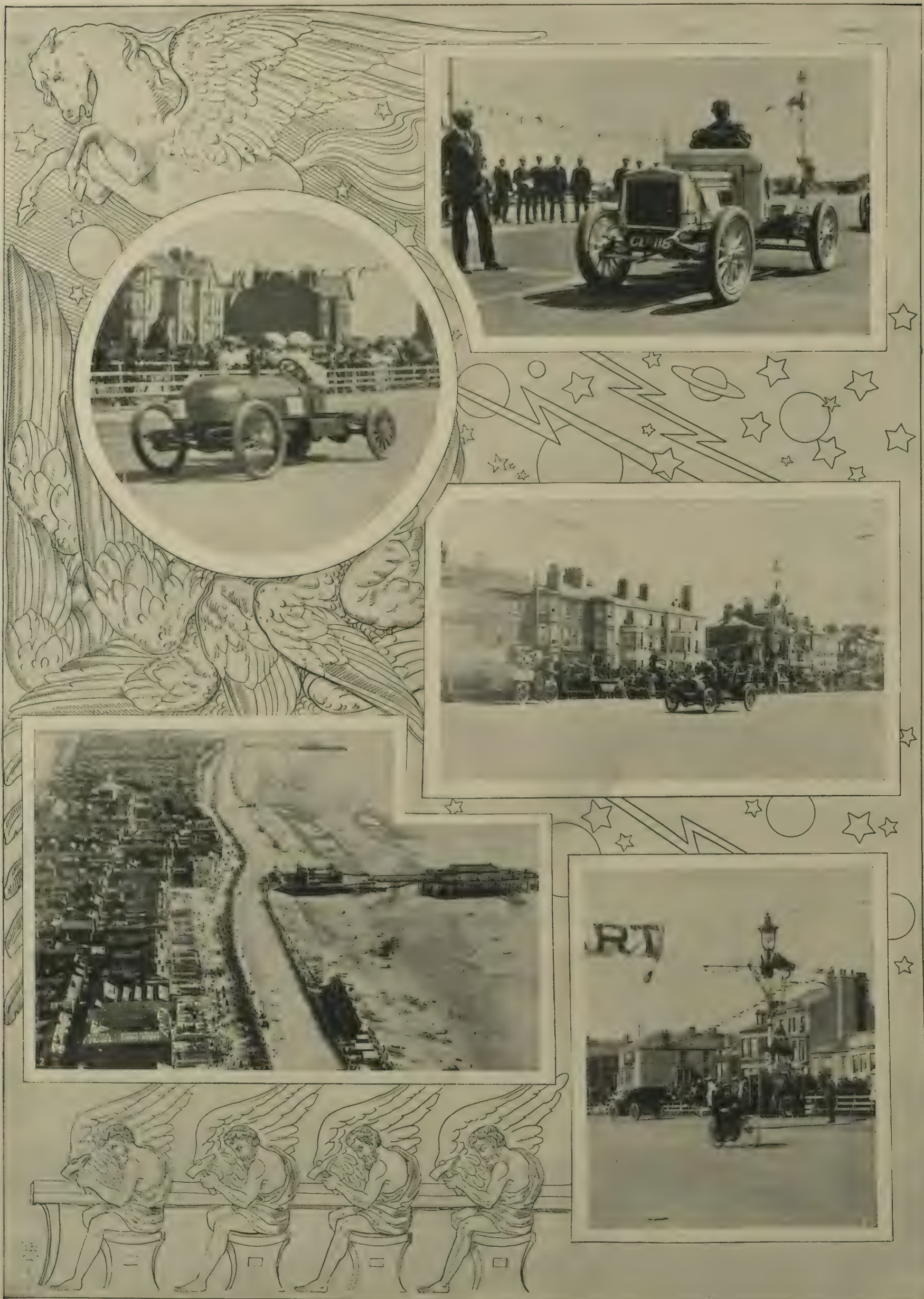
1. FEET OF THE MUMMY OF SLYTHIAS, WITH THE TOOLS AND INSTRUMENTS USED BY HER IN THE EMBELLISHMENT OF THE STATUES OF OSIRIS.
3. MUMMY OF A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE WITH HIS FLESHPOTS AROUND HIM.
5. MUMMY OF KHELMIS, THE SWEET SINGER OF OSIRIS ANTINOUS.
7. RECONSTRUCTION OF A SARCOPHAGUS WITH POTTERY.

2. A MARIONETTE THEATRE USED IN THE RITES OF ISIS FOR THE INTERPRETATION OF THE PASSION OF OSIRIS.
4. MUMMY OF A WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS WITH HER HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS, ARRANGED AS AT THE TIME OF DISCOVERY. (REPLICA OF THE SARCOPHAGUS.)
6. MUMMY OF SLYTHIAS, THE DRESSER OF THE STATUES OF OSIRIS ANTINOUS.
8. MUMMY OF A GLADIATOR IN A RECONSTRUCTION OF HIS SARCOPHAGUS.

These objects have recently been discovered at Antinoe by Monsieur Gayet. They are now being exhibited at the Petit Palais in Paris.

THE BLACKPOOL MOTOR-RACES: THE COURSE AND SOME COMPETITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



1. MR. CLIFFORD EARP'S ATTEMPT TO LOWER THE KILOMÈTRE RECORD.

2. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TRACK FROM BLACKPOOL TOWER.

3. MR. BIRTWISTLE ON HIS THIRTY-FIVE H.P. DAIMLER.

4. THE WIN FOR THE HANDICAP RACE AND THE CUP: MR. J. KEELIN'S SUCCESS IN THE DARRACQ COMPETITION.

5. CISSAC BREAKS THE RECORD FOR THE FLYING KILOMÈTRE AND STANDING-START MILE FOR AUTO-CYCLES.

A two days' meeting was held at Blackpool on July 27 and 28. One of the most interesting events was the setting up of a world's record for auto-cycles by M. Henri Cissac, who only last week was creating records at Brighton. For the Blackpool record he used his curious two-cylinder Peugeot motor-cycle, on which he covered the flying kilomètre in twenty-five and three-fifths seconds, at a speed of 58.07 miles an hour, beating his previous best performance by two-fifths of a second.

"NOW GRATEFUL CLUSTERS SWELL WITH FLOODS OF WINE."

DRAWN BY XIMENES.



THE VINTAGE IN ITALY: GRAPE-GATHERING.

A great deal of the joyousness of the ancient Greek vintage festival lingers in Italy to the present day, and life seems to attain its highest tide during the grape-gathering. It is a time when the colours of Nature are at their richest, and the exuberance of the season seems to be reflected in the happy peasants who gather the fruit for the wine-press.

A POET'S NOVEL AND OTHERS.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

THERE are three Italian ladies in love with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Fool Errant" (Heinemann). Francis Antony Strelley, gentleman, of Upcote, in the county of Oxfordshire. An English damsel, one Betty Coy, dairymaid at Upcote, has been kissed by him before the story began; but she does not count. He wanted to marry her, thinking it his duty after the kiss; and his father, to cure this quixotry, sent him to Padua. Of the three Italian women who had fingers in his destiny, as Hedda Gabler would say, Aurelia was the wife of his tutor, Virginia was a peasant girl, and Belviso (we forget her feminine name) was an actress, disguised as a boy in a troupe of strollers. A simple coming-in for one man, as Lancelot Gobbo puts it. But Francis "does not understand our women," as he is told by a friendly looker-on. He is "an exquisite fool," according to Italian lights in the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Hewlett revels, as a rule, in Italian manners a century or two earlier; but they are pretty much the same in 1721. Aurelia, the tutor's wife, cannot, for the life of her, make out why a young man, who is the cause, the innocent cause, it is true, of her expulsion from her husband's hearth, should go mooning about the country, instead of looking after her. That is what Francis does: he moons. He exasperates Aurelia; he exasperates Virginia; he brings Belyso, quite innocently as usual, to a violent end. He is in continual danger of battle, murder, and sudden death, chiefly at the hands of a harum-scarum villain of a friar, who contributes a good deal of grim humour to the narrative. The adventures of Francis, in short, are of bewildering variety and incurable folly. Whether the reader will be pleased to find him settling down at Lucca as a contented joiner, instead of taking Virginia home to Upcote, we have no idea. Virginia would be out of place in Oxfordshire; but her husband is equally out of place in Italy. The book is scarcely one of Mr. Hewlett's best; but it has some admirable writing.

There is surely no writer of fiction who arouses in the reader such mixed feelings of admiration and irritation as does Mr. Crockett. We close his latest story, "Maid Margaret of Galloway" (Hodder and Stoughton)—how many predecessors it has we do not dare to think—more impressed than ever by the vigour and variety of his story-telling gift. Here is a story of a most sensational period of Scottish history, laid for chief part in the author's own countryside, which he knows so well how to describe. The heroine is she whom the world knows as "The Fair Maid of Galloway," sister of the William, Earl of Douglas, the proud boy who was beheaded in Edinburgh Castle in 1440, and wife of the later Earl William whom James with the fire-mark on his face dirked with his own hand in the Castle of Stirling. A main incident in the story is the siege of Thrieve, where great work was done by the "bombard," which Mr. Crockett (holding, as he does throughout, to Galloway tradition, as he is well entitled to), describes as the piece "Mons Meg," which still attracts the attention of visitors to Edinburgh Castle. We have here, in a word, materials peculiarly suited to Mr. Crockett, and indeed he does make out of them a story which holds our interest. Yet, at the same time, he commits errors of taste and temper, and is guilty of grossnesses of various kinds, and pours out words uncouthly—Scots words and phrases especially, without any of the value of nicely selected dialect—in consequence of which, as has been said, we are caused as much irritation as we are enjoyment by the elements and qualities of the story which must excite admiration.

Miss Syrett has written a clever novel about an unhappy marriage. "The Day's Journey" (Chapman and Hall) is, in fact, so clever in parts that one regrets that she has preferred to remain in what seems to be the beaten path. The worst of a novel about an unhappy marriage is that the theme requires two men, and Miss Syrett is, apparently, unable to treat the male character with success. A vain, selfish, literary man marries a clever, good-looking girl, drags her away from London (which she loves) into a rural paradise, which she accepts contentedly for his sake, and then tires of her. His silly affections are attracted by a professedly soulful young woman with an artistic temperament and the heart of a very sordid adventuress. Then the other man—the strong, quiet, manly man—comes back from his big-game shooting and renews his friendship with the neglected wife. The novel is an uncommonly good piece of work, and the plot, in its avoidance of sensational *dénouements*, shows skill and restraint. The two women are remarkably fine character-studies; seldom has the peculiar type of modern woman which deceives its neighbours by affected aspirations until it almost deceives itself, which pursues the Higher Life at the expense of chastity and common honesty, been so ruthlessly dissected as in Philippa Burton. The portrait of the neglected wife is equally good. But the men do not ring true; they are stagey. And Miss Syrett has also borrowed from the stage the convention that, whenever a married person happens to kiss someone who ought not to be kissed, its spouse is standing unnoticed in the wings.

Frank Norris, so deeply regretted by all who recognised in him a master in the new school of American realism, left a gap that we hardly hoped to find filled so soon. If we are not greatly mistaken, however, Mr. Leroy Scott has come forward to step into the vacant place, and to carry on that vigorous exposition of the battle between capital and labour which Norris began. "The Walking Delegate" (Heinemann) is a splendid piece of nervous writing; a man's book; a fighting book, that shoulders gilt-and-pasteboard romances out of the way much as a live man might push a draper's dummy aside. It is a story of the ironworkers of New York, and it takes a page out of the history of a strong man, Buck Foley, the "walking delegate," leader, and in the end betrayer of the Ironworkers' Union. Foley's insolence and rapacity, his malevolent meddling with the lives of his opponents, meet with a check at the hand of Tom Keating, a foreman whose dismissal he commands; and then begins the life-and-death struggle between the two men. Buck Foley is a bully, and, as usual when bullying comes to light, the feature that impresses us most about it is the supineness of the lookers-on. Mr. Leroy Scott evidently holds no brief for American commercial morality, among masters or men; and we find even Keating, the "straight" man, telling the employer who came to his rescue that he will "make him an exception" when he is running the Union work in Foley's place—a naïve statement that the author hardly seems to place at its true value. This is a blemish upon the ethical aspect of the book, but it does not detract from its powerful human interest.

Mr. Mackenzie's romance raised around the story of "The Lady of Hirta" (Gardner), with incidents from "the 45," is written with a divided mind. He gives us neither a frank transcription in modern English nor a serious exercise in the manner of the early part of the eighteenth century. The narrator—for the story has the form of autobiography—is careful to say "cartes" for cards (which may be Scottish eighteenth-century, but is certainly not the English of the age of cards), and "anhungered" and "athirst," but anon he raps you out a phrase that is not only right twentieth-century, but a vulgarism at its own date. "These events transpired" (took place); "fowlers pursue their avocations"—as features in a landscape prospect, too; things "create a great sensation"; and people "demean themselves by going into trade." But if the English is not very fine, we take the Scots on the authority of an author who might have made even more use of it with some gain to the spirit of his book. The tale is well stuffed with matter, plenty of things happen, and the telling is not precisely languid or dull; but, on the other hand, it is not thrilling, nor even animate. The final scene, in which the life and death of the hero are at stake, is given without a spark of animation. It was not worth while, again, to bring Lord Lovat on the scene to so little purpose, though in this matter Thackeray sets a dismal precedent in "The Virginians," where Johnson once passes by, touching the lamp-posts, and once joins in a conversation not admirable for its grammar. "The Lady of Hirta" is written by an author who knows his period well, but as it were from outside. He has not adopted its habit of mind, as did Blackmore with the time he studied in "Lorna Doone" or Stevenson with the day of "Weir of Hermiston."

In "A Child of the Shore" (Lane) Mr. Middleton Fox tries with scant success to make the best of two worlds, the human and the preter-human. He writes a romantic story of Cornwall a hundred years ago—wreckers, smugglers, and the rest—and interweaves with it the fabled realm of mermaids, evil spirits, and other uncanny imaginings. Of course, old superstitions and folklore are perfectly in place, so far as they affect the actions of human beings who accept them. But Mr. Fox is not content with this: he seems to claim objective reality, as the metaphysical tag goes, for the unsubstantial phantasms that used to oppress the Cornish mind. A childless woman consults a witch and goes through an unholy ceremony in a sea-cave. In due course her daughter, a beautiful girl, with an abnormal temperament, believes herself, and is believed by her neighbours, to be mysteriously akin to the spirits of ocean. So far so good. But when her short life has ended in tragedy, and her faithless lover in a high fever goes out to bathe, the lady comes in the guise of a mermaid to draw him to his doom. If the final scene is merely a courageous attempt to portray a drowning man's delirium, we can only say that the treatment strikes us as inartistic. If, on the other hand, Mr. Fox is frankly trying an experiment in the fantastic, like Mr. Wells in his mermaid story, he has made too great a demand on his readers. For while we should be the last to protest against an attempt to present the strange influence which the sea may have on coast-dwellers, our enjoyment of the novel has been marred by the attempt to blend the story of a village girl, betrayed and deserted, with the theory that a dead human being can reappear as a mermaid. There is certainly merit in the book, and probably many readers will be found not to resent the peculiar treatment. If the human interest had been more original and the supernatural element a little more convincing, the mixture had perhaps been more palatable.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NOVEL.

ONE of the few happy and memorable things Lytton contrived to put into the mouth of his characters was the remark of Clodius to Lepidus that while there was but one Eros and many counterfeits, yet the counterfeits were not bad little gods. They can, of course, give no end of trouble, but it is, when all is said, a luxurious sort of annoyance, and the pains of this subsidiary passion are usually accepted *con amore*, and indulged for the bitter-sweet they bring. This is the tragic essence (as far as it goes) of Mr. Swinburne's novel, now republished after many years; and it is delightfully paradoxical that the poet of "Laus Veneris" should in a prose work handle with such deft irony passions that seem great enough truly at the time to their victims, but are plainly not incurable. Artistically evading all semblance of an "ending," as the conventionally minded know it, Mr. Swinburne contrives to leave us happy and hopeful exceedingly. We know perfectly well that Reginald Harewood was a glorious ass who deserved well of womankind, and would one day, in all likelihood, receive his due; equally well do we know that his sweet sister Amicia could hardly escape happiness when Time had had a chance to play physician. So we close the book, comforted and grateful for a most exhilarating excursion among the minor emotions.

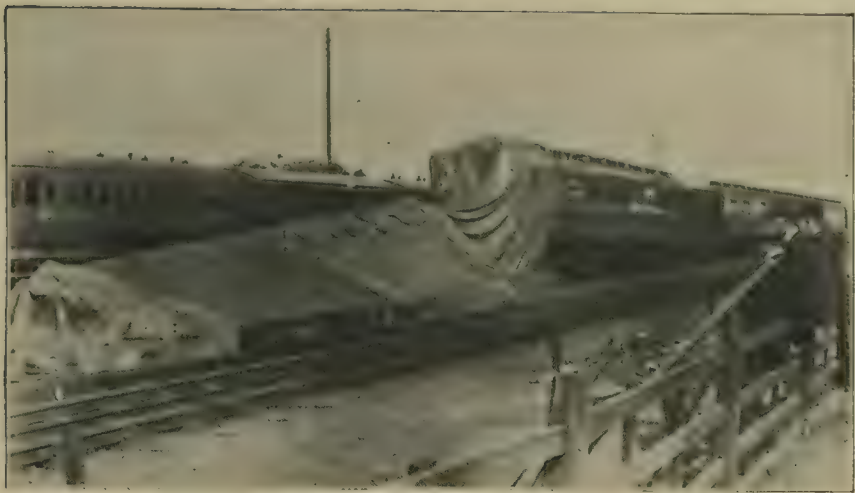
"Look in the table of affinities," says one of Mr. Swinburne's characters on page 181 of "Love's Cross Currents" (Chatto and Windus). Read "genealogical table," and the advice is most pertinent to the book, for without a family-tree ever before us we grope in mists of relationships for many chapters. In setting forth the curious family ties of his actors, Mr. Swinburne fails of the clear expository style, and Mr. Watts-Dunton would have been thrice a friend had he drawn up, or asked Mr. J. M. Bulloch to draw up for him, a lucid and ingenious pedigree of the Cheynes and the Harewoods.

We have a delightfully fictitious imbroglia wherein Reginald Harewood and Clara Radworth, of the one part, carry on a serio-comic intrigue, and Amicia Lady Cheyne and her second cousin, Francis Cheyne, enjoy the bitterness of a chaste, pathetic, and self-reproaching attachment. These affairs afford good enough sport in themselves, but Mr. Swinburne's hand is strongest in the character which dominates all the others and which handles their pinchbeck passion with the sureness of an accomplished chess-player. Lady Midhurst, whose relationship to the young people is too tortuous to be accurately set forth here, except that she is grandmother to one pair of amourettes and aunt more or less to the other, is the outsider who sees the most of both games, and disapproving of them, out of the depths of her worldly wisdom, but without any pseudo-puritanical scruples, conducts a masterly correspondence with all the parties, who, of course, loathe her for the uncompromising conviction which her letters carry. She adores her grandson Reginald, and is determined that, if she can help it, he shall not make a fool of himself. For his beloved Clara she has that pitilessness which only one woman can show to another, and when Redgie writes to his grandmother extolling the virtues of Clara, Lady Midhurst, with infinite delicacy and irony, demolishes his house of cards, turns over the pieces, and shows him that his trumps are worthless. But Lady Midhurst's correspondence is not the only portion of the book where Reginald is judged. Out of his own mouth is he condemned, more especially in the letter to his friend Edward Audley. Hear his deliverance on Clara's husband, an excellent, eminent man of science with whom, by the way, Clara, though greedy of homage, is not dissatisfied—

You can't conceive what a voice and face and manner the fellow has. She lets him talk about his symptoms. He tells me he wishes he could eat what I can. It would be all very well if he had anything great about him. I suppose women can put up with men that have; but a mere ingenious laborious pedant and prig, and a fellow that has hardly human ways, imagine worshipping that! I believe he is a clever sort of half-breed between ape and beaver. But the sort of thing cannot go on. . . . When I see a great goodness, I know it—when I meet my betters, I want to worship them at once, and I can always tell when any one is born my better. When I fall in with a nature and powers above me, I cannot help going down before it. I do like admiring.

And the end of all these heroics is the superb phrase in one of Lady Midhurst's later letters: "The *Bureau d'amourettes* is a bankrupt concern, you see."

In its avoidance of incident the book is more than Merethian, and once when Mr. Swinburne permits something to happen, it is only to fail signally and to introduce a mechanical extinction of an entirely unnecessary character whose departure leaves the situation neither better nor worse than before. It does, perhaps, add a little poignancy to Amicia's self-reproach for having permitted herself even the lightest flutter of affection for Frank Cheyne, but the washing-overboard of her lord is a piece of stage machinery entirely foreign to the manner of the book. That manner is not new. Mr. Swinburne has dared to revive the novel in letters, and his experiment has been wonderfully successful; but there is always just that faintness, that one remove from the scene of action, which an epistolary novel must have, unless the writers yield themselves entirely to the descriptive mood. The limitations of the method are discussed by the author in his preface, where he prints an illuminating panegyric of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Our greatest poet's eulogy of Scott ought, indeed, to be pondered by a generation impatient of that master.



THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.



THE BREAKDOWN GANG.



DAMAGED BOGIES AND UNDER-FRAME OF CARRIAGES.



THE DÉBRIS OF THE SMASHED COACHES.

THE TERRIBLE ELECTRIC-TRAIN SMASH NEAR SOUTHPORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND BY CHURCHILL.

Owing to an unfortunate error, an express on the newly electrified Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway between Liverpool and Southport was switched into a local train standing in a siding on the evening of July 27, at Hall Road, ten miles from Southport. The carriages were telescoped, and twenty persons met a peculiarly horrible death. The accident has raised the question as to whether the long open electric car is not more dangerous in case of accident than the old vehicle of many compartments.



THE COURSE AND STAND.



THE GRAND STAND WITH THE ROYAL BOX.

A NEW RACE-COURSE: THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEWBURY MEETING.

There will be an important departure in the management of the new meeting at Newbury, for the authorities will find free stabling and free fodder for horses running at the meeting. They will, in addition, pay the horses' railway charges.



Photo, Kirk.

THE UNVEILING OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT NOTTINGHAM.

On July 28 the Duchess of Portland unveiled in Nottingham Market a memorial statue of Queen Victoria, erected at the cost of subscribers in the Town Council. The statue is the work of Mr. Albert Toft.



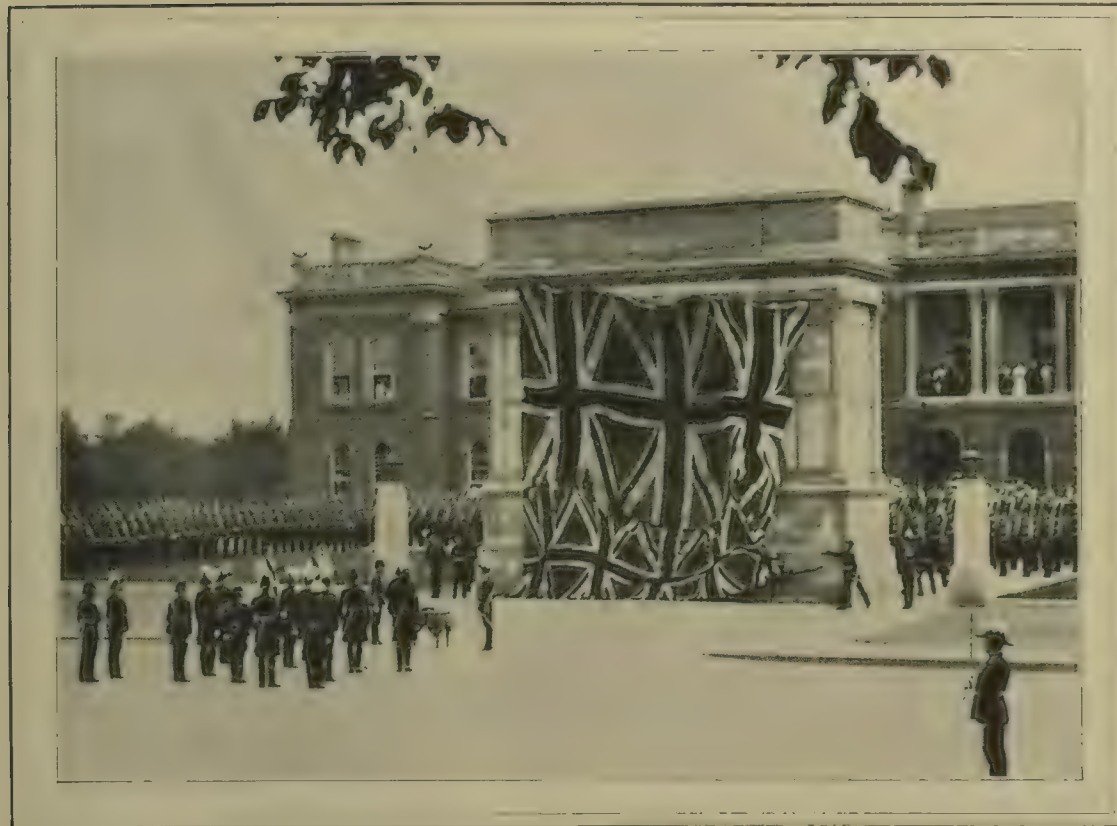
Photo, Scott.

BRADFORD'S EXTENSION OF THE TOWN HALL: THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Great interest has been aroused in Yorkshire by the extension scheme for Bradford Town Hall. The foundation-stone of the addition was laid on July 28 by the Mayor, Alderman Priestley. The great increase of public business in Bradford has rendered this addition necessary.

THE KING'S HONOUR TO FALLEN ENGINEERS: THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL AT CHATHAM.

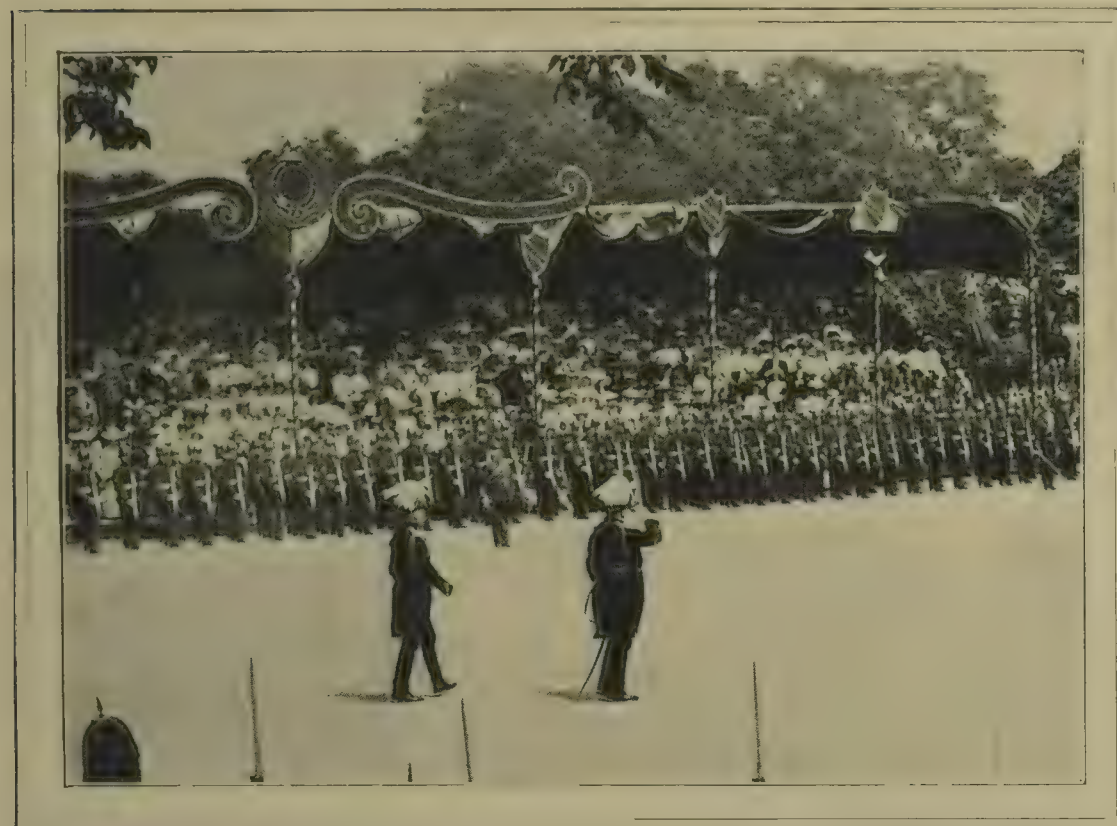
THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



HIS MAJESTY UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO ROYAL ENGINEERS WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA:
THE UNION JACKS FALLING AWAY FROM THE ARCH.



THE ROYAL GROUP BEFORE THE ARCH DURING THE DEDICATORY SERVICE BY THE
CHAPLAIN-GENERAL OF THE FORCES.



THE KING SALUTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE KING WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OFFICERS.

On July 26 his Majesty unveiled, at the Royal Engineers' barracks at Chatham, a memorial arch which has been erected to commemorate the members of the corps of Royal Engineers who lost their lives in South Africa. The arch, which has been designed by Mr. E. Ingress Bell, was draped in Union Jacks when the King arrived. After the preliminary service the King pressed an electric key which exploded a cartridge on the top of the arch, thus severing the cords and causing the draperies to fall away. Thereafter the King and all present stood at the salute while Chopin's funeral march was played and three volleys were fired. His Majesty then proceeded to open the new Naval Hospital.

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LADIES' PAGE.

Both the King and Queen announced their intention of being present at the charming Goodwood Meeting, which, of course, gains greatly in popularity when the royal party attends. The course, at the bottom of a high, sloping, green Sussex down, and close to the fine trees of the Duke of Richmond's park, has special attractions, and allows of the fittest of opportunities for the last great dress-parade of the season, before the fashionable world scatters itself for months to come on moors and seas, and beside German springs that promise health, and Swiss mountains that revivify with each breath. Cowes, indeed, reunites a certain number again, but the frocks there, even in the Royal Yacht Club enclosure, are never of the smart order that obtains at



A GOWN FOR THE CASINO OR A GARDEN-PARTY.

White pleated chiffon, trimmed with quillings of the same material and bands of lace, is here depicted. Hat of white chip with ostrich-plume.

Goodwood, which fortunate race-meeting, in favourable weather, is exactly like a fashionable garden-party. Until last year the Queen had been absent from Goodwood for thirteen seasons; but the reason was chiefly that the late aged Duke became too feeble adequately to entertain her Majesty; and it has been the accession of the present Duke, and the thorough redecoration and improvement that he gave Goodwood House, that made it practicable for the Queen again to attend the meeting which was formerly her favourite one.

Lace, taffetas, and silk muslin have been called into requisition for the Goodwood gowns, and mauve, pink, and the ever-popular white have been the favourite colours. The muslin dresses mostly show a fichu effect; the fabric calls for a good deal of folding and pleating and gathering to break its lights softly into graceful shadows. An old-rose voile was built for one of the best-dressed women, with black gathered chiffon revers and black satin belt, and white chiffon gold-embroidered as a vest; a black crinoline hat with trimming of three white plumes and pink roses finished the toilette. Champagne colour in voile has also been used for a good gown; it was laid over a deep yellow glacé foundation, which, of course, showed through a little, and the further contrast of pale-blue touches in the trimming was very pleasing. Pastel-blue mousseline-de-soie, embroidered with pink and mauve in a deep line round the skirt, and some of the same embroidery arranged as a fichu on the corsage, was very pretty; and so was a shot-pink and mauve taffetas mousseline made with a Directoire coat, finished with beautiful deep ruffles of Alençon lace and large paste buttons, the skirt entirely plain but fully gathered on the hips, so as to fall very full round the feet. A gown of mushroom-coloured fine face-cloth, with the bodice almost entirely composed of coarse lace of the same shade spangled with lines of gold embroidery, and a little of the lace also appearing round the edges of the points into which the skirt is cut out, will probably be a success. A green taffetas gown was draped in a large meshed black net that was lavishly embroidered with floss silk in black with touches of grass-green and a little gold cord introduced sparingly; the bodice was swathed above a deep belt of green silk

with a gold buckle, and opened over a white broderie Anglaise vest, with cuffs of the same.

Several ladies took part in the motor-races at Brighton (all being, under the rules, members of the Ladies' Automobile Club), and showed themselves able to drive very pluckily and steadily. One who had the misfortune to lose part of her coiffure from the back of her head, naturally much to the amusement of the public, courageously ignored the dismal event; perhaps thinking of the lesson of Atalanta's classic story, she just dashed on and won her race. It is, however, greatly to be hoped that ladies will never be found to be reckless drivers; the unkindness and callousness of the motor "scorcher" outrunning all reasonable limits of speed should be alien to womanly feelings. I am sure all motorists of our sex, also, will specially rejoice if the great dust problem can be solved, either by a change in the under-structure of the cars or by some new road-making process, for one has often to ride in the dust raised by the drivers who have preceded one, and the gardens that are ruined by dust, and the drawing-rooms in houses close to the high-road that have become almost uninhabitable this hot weather by the impossibility of keeping the windows open, are as great a source of distress to the owner thereof, though she herself be a motorist, as it would be if she had never mounted a car. It is happily already demonstrated to a certain extent that a car can be made to raise less dust than has hitherto been the rule. A special trial of dust-preventing arrangements was recently held near Dunstable, under Lord Shrewsbury's auspices, and one at least of the cars proved conclusively that an immense improvement is already possible in this matter. The more attention that is given to this point the more lady automobilists will be pleased, and their patronage may be confidently expected by the manufacturer who solves the problem. Among the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club are Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu, Lady Beatrice Rawson, Mrs. Mark Mayhew, and many other enthusiastic drivers.

Cowes Week will presumably show us (as usual) several ladies acting as sailing-masters of their own yachts, for a considerable number of such lady yacht-masters exist, and are quite competent at their work. There is no reason at all why a woman should not be a perfectly able navigator; and it is absurd that the Board of Trade here should have refused Lady Ernestine Bruce the permission that she asked to sit for the examination for a regular certificate as the master of a ship. It does not follow that women are in all respects fitted to be sailors in an ordinary way; still less does it follow that many women, even if permitted, would seek such employment. But captains' wives have again and again proved their ability to navigate a ship on the lonely, trackless ocean, and to bring her to her appointed port, when the husband's illness or death has thrown the burden upon the mind of the woman, whose knowledge had only been gained *en amateur*, by reason of her interest in the pursuit of the husband with whom she had sailed on many voyages.

There can be no reason why a woman who likes to qualify herself fully and have her knowledge professionally tested should not be permitted to do so. As usual, in America this reasonableness of the open door for women has been recognised. There are many certificated and recognised women pilots, captains of river-steamers, and so on, in that happy land for the ambitious, earnest-minded woman. The latest news is that Mrs. Mary Greene, master of a steamer between Pittsburgh and Charleston, West Virginia, has been elected by the "Harbour No. 2 Masters' and Pilots' Association" to one of their highest offices. Then, again, the White Star liner *Majestic's* captain reports that, on the voyage from which she recently arrived at Queenstown, she "spoke" the steam-yacht *Waturas*, nine days out from Philadelphia, and in sole command of Miss Jane Morgan, of that city, a certificated master mariner, by whom all observations and navigating details of the yacht's voyage are being conducted. She is bound for Norway, and quite an additional interest is given to the record by the fact that the young lady captain has as her passengers her father and brothers, the former, Mr. Randall Morgan, Vice-President of the Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, being the owner of the vessel that his daughter commands. Now, it is only American men who would calmly and cheerfully risk their own lives on their conviction of the perfect competence of one of their womenfolk to do anything that she has undertaken to do!

This is the great difference really between the position of women here and in the States; the American woman has not merely "got leave to work," but has succeeded in persuading her men that she does her work as seriously and as competently as themselves; and accordingly women doctors, lawyers, architects, sculptors, and merchants are actually and freely employed, according to their abilities, just as if they were men, both in State and private enterprises. For example, when President Garfield was shot, one of the three physicians who signed the bulletins was Dr. Susan Edson, his regular family medical attendant. When a subscription was raised to put a statue of Harriet Martineau up in a Boston public building, in memory of her anti-slavery efforts, it was Miss Whitney who was given the commission; and at the Chicago Exhibition, when a great statue was ordered by the State of Illinois to symbolise the Welcome of the Nations, the work was given to a lady; further, three of the other States confided the architect's work of their fine and costly State buildings at the Fair to women. Nevertheless, the labour market, especially for women of lower ranks, is not altogether just even

there. There are thirty-five thousand women in the Colleges, but only four of those institutions give women equal admission to the professorates; and in the primary schools, as here, women teachers are paid much less than men. But we shall shortly have a full and reliable report on the industrial position of women in America, as the Countess of Warwick has just sent out to the United States at her own expense a commission of twenty-five working women to inquire into this subject. Each delegate is to examine into the position of women-workers in the special employment that she understands; typists, tailoresses, dressmakers, cigarmakers, shop-women, laundresses, and followers of other avocations in England will be in a position to compare the wages and conditions of employment for women here and in the States after the delegates have reported to Lady Warwick.

On Friday of last week, July 28, the Women's Institute was the scene of a large and fashionable reception to the officers of the International Council of Women. It was wonderful to see such a large gathering so late in the season; but the fact is that now communication is so easy there is not the dividing line between in and out of season that there was when the journey to the country home was quite an undertaking, even if it were in the Home Counties, and more formidable than it is now to go to the extremity of Europe if people lived in Yorkshire or in Scotland. The Countess of Aberdeen received the guests at the Women's Institute, and the foreign ladies present were delegates from Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

Everybody is now, however, talking of getting away from town. Parliament is in its last days, the sales are over, and there is nothing to keep anybody from the pure air and pleasant scenes of the country. Provided one is free to flee from the dreadful asphalt and closed blinds of London in August and September, who would stop? As nothing human is perfect, however, midges and the mild but sufficiently tantalising form of mosquito that we raise make themselves obnoxious too frequently on the river and in country lanes. There is nothing to meet this trouble so effective as Scrubb's Ammonia; a little of it applied directly the bite is received is the greatest possible comfort, and probably prevents any detestable bump arising. Mixed with water and a dash of eau-de-Cologne, too, it is the most refreshing of applications



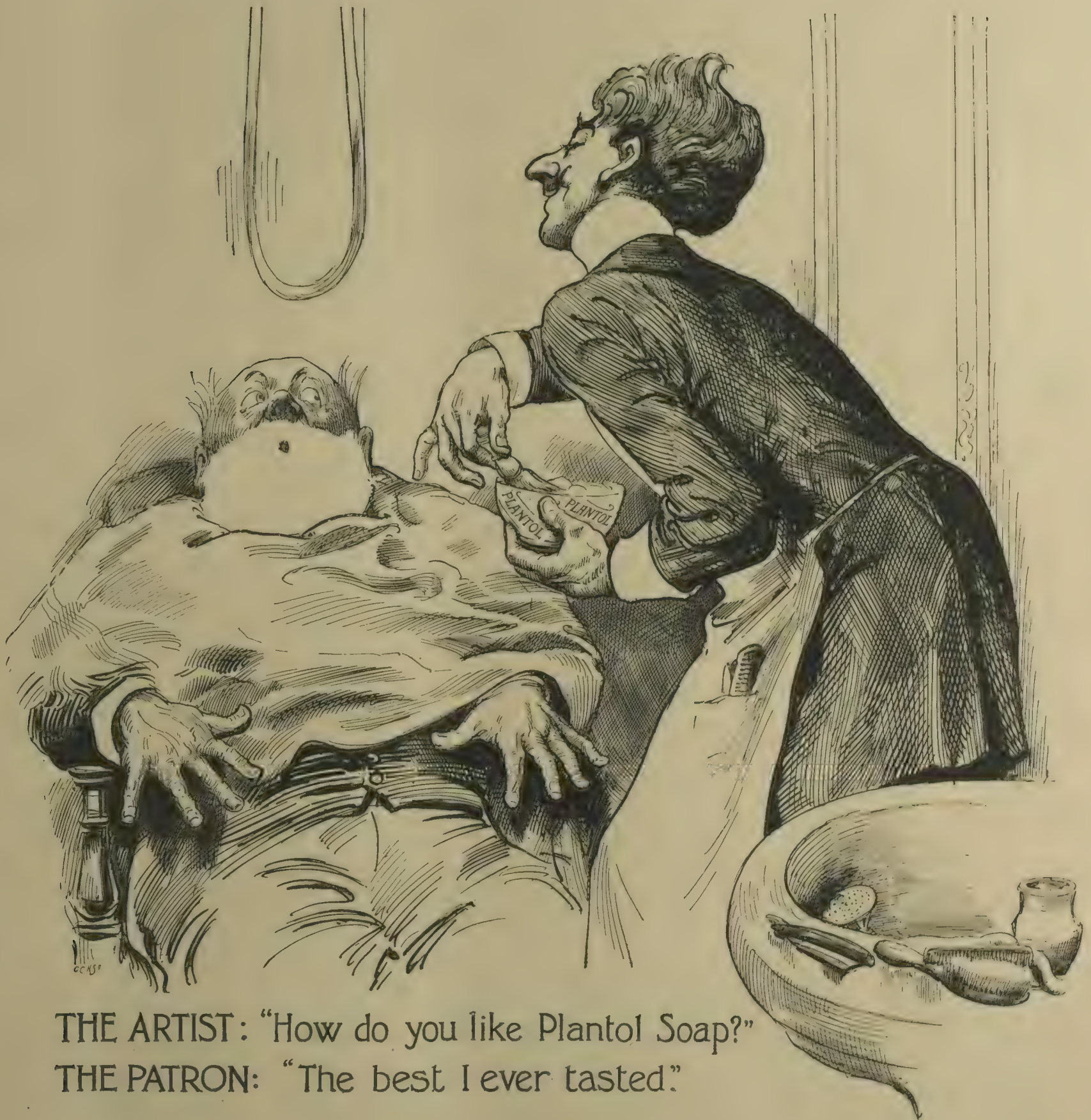
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A heather and a darker reddish shade of brown plaid builds this useful gown for the moors; revers, cuffs, pockets, and binding are of tan leather. Hat to harmonise in felt.

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ART NOTES.

The Mendoza Gallery has moved from King Street, St. James's, to spacious premises in New Bond Street, a change of address which adds one more to the many artistic attractions of one of the richest and narrowest of thoroughfares. The middle-period New Zealander will, perhaps, read on a notice-board on closed doors in Trafalgar Square that a certain great collection has been transferred "to more central premises" in Bond Street. Certainly the galleries which are already there enjoy the patronage of many who will go no farther afield from Mayfair to enjoy their water-colours or the sort of sacred picture which has there long found a home. The Mendoza Gallery opens with an exhibition of pictures by Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead. Those which are truly rural or purely landscape are the most pleasing. A field of hay, an empty sea-shore, and a sky unoccupied except by clouds—these are things he can do well. When he attempts to introduce the human interest he does not fare so well. But the greater part of his exhibition is composed of those scenes which he has been happy and successful in painting. Of such we would particularly name "The Valley, Beer," "The Threatened Harvest," "The Beach, Swanage," and "Bouveret, Lake Geneva," in which last the artist shows that he has an understanding and mastery of that difficult colour—blue. All the pictures in which we find merit are in water-colours.

At the Bruton Galleries in Bruton Street there is an exhibition of oil pictures by Mr. Eugene Dekkert—an artist of accomplishment and some power. Indeed, both these qualities are his in a more than usual degree; but his work lacks any great charm or friendliness. Like much of the extremely clever painting of the modern Dutch School, these landscapes and townscapes (let a word be coined for the canvas that depicts the street) are excellently executed and are distinguished in style, without possessing that inner quality which makes so strong an appeal in that French school from which the little masters of Holland to-day derive so much. Most nearly achieving the sentiment we suggest are the pictures named "Canal in Dordrecht," "Italian Landscape," "The White Bridge," and "Grey Day at St. Monans."

In the same gallery are some miniatures which have the misfortune to be extremely modern—and modernity is actually a vice where miniatures are concerned. These have the additional misfortune of being modern Italian—an additional misfortune because that which is accepted, of the art in Italy and Spain to-day is singularly unattractive to English eyes.

The manner of Mr. Tom Browne's humour is familiar through reproductions in many magazines and papers, including *Punch* and the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is familiar in two ways, then, for it is certainly not of a hidden or obscure nature. His humour runs to caricature of the "slap-on-the-back" description, to the rubbing-in of misfortunes, to big noses and big grimaces. The large collection of his original drawings, shown at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, does not anywhere reveal a sufficient freedom from the broad joke and the broad grin to allow of a very serious consideration of his artistic ability. Even so great a humorist in black-and-white as Charles Keene made himself known through his preliminary studies (wherein the cap and bells were laid aside) as a studious and observant artist. To judge, then, of Mr. Tom Browne's true ability, it would be necessary to pry into the intimacies of his sketch-book. Meantime, the visitor to the Modern Gallery must accept what amusement he can find there, and of this there is an abundant meal.

W. M.



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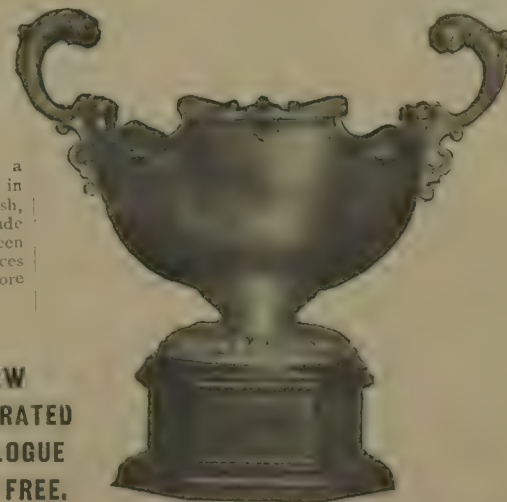
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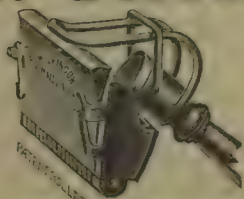
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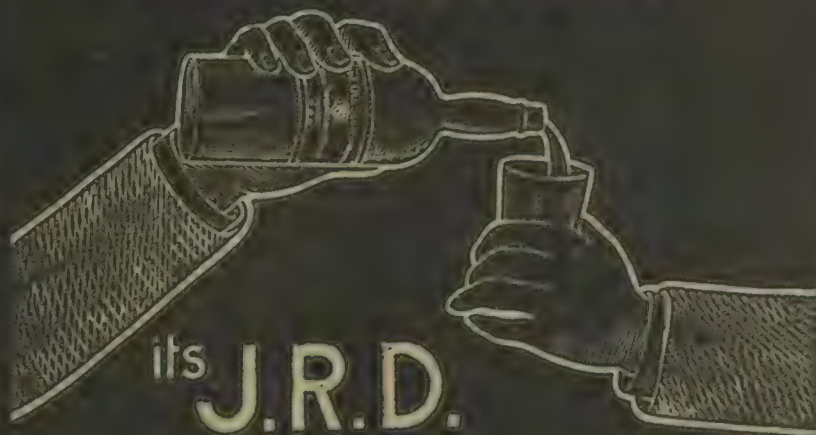
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THE FURNITURE TRADES' COTTAGE HOMES.

About fifteen miles from the City, at Radlett, a pretty Hertfordshire village, an interesting function took place on Saturday, July 22, on the occasion of the opening of the first two cottage homes of the Furnishing Trades' Provident and Benevolent Fund.



MR. S. J. WARING,
PRESIDENT OF THE FURNITURE
TRADES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The homes will accommodate twenty-four inmates, twelve boys and twelve girls. They are for the benefit of the children of the necessitous widows of trade subscribers to the Association, and are regarded as the nucleus of a future colony conducted on the same philanthropic and provident lines. The idea the committee have, as regards the conduct of the homes, is to surround the children with

as close a reproduction as possible of the individual consideration, care and love which they would have enjoyed had they not been deprived of their real home; and to give them some equipment for the serious battle of life. They will be under the direction of an experienced matron, and will obtain their education at the village school. In the course of the proceedings it was announced by Mr. Waring that Mrs. Harris Lebus had kindly promised to provide the whole of the clothing for the children for the next five years.

A large number of visitors from London witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the president of the Association, Mr. S. J. Waring junior, and letters of sympathy with the work were received from Lord Windsor, Sir William Treloar, and Mr. Walter Crane. Mr. Waring, who was accompanied by Mrs. Waring and the vice-presidents and members of the committee, in the course of his inaugural address, outlined the progress of the work, which, he said, was only in its first modest beginnings, and would, in its development, have no limitation beyond the needs of the

Association and the goodwill and support of the furnishing and allied trades. He thanked all who had laboured to bring the scheme as far as it had already gone, and he particularly congratulated the hon. architect, Mr. R. F. Atkinson, F.R.I.B.A., on the skill with which he had turned two commonplace cottages into the two beautiful homes they were that day inaugurating. They were to be homes indeed, for the children benefited were to be saved as much as might be from "institution" methods. Family life, as far as possible, under a sympathetic matron was the ideal of the promoters. Of the need for these homes there was no doubt. The circumstances of the first beneficiaries abundantly proved the children's claims for help, and the Association looked for a great extension of their work in the future.

"Reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence," said Mr. Waring, "the cost of a child's keep and training does not amount to a great deal. But, in another

imagine for a moment that we are going to be satisfied with this small beginning? A thousand times No. We are delighted that the beginning has been made. We rejoice that we are able to show some fruit for our work.

"Last, but by no means least," Mr. Waring continued, "we must not on this occasion forget that no work of this kind can be done effectively unless the ground has been well prepared, and in our position to-day we are largely indebted to the good acts of others of many years past, who, although they did not at the moment carry the work upon which they were engaged to an immediately successful issue, have undoubtedly helped it forward to its present position by the valuable preparatory work they accomplished. We have also to



MRS. S. J. WARING,
WHO ASSISTED AT THE OPENING
OF THE HOMES.

thank a very enthusiastic and hard-working committee, who laboured both loyally and arduously to bring matters to their present position, and we are particularly indebted to the lady vice-presidents who demonstrated at Stafford House what they can do with regard to the work, and upon whom we shall be largely dependent in matters concerning the control and management of these homes in the future. We must also by no means forget those who have so handsomely contributed to these results, and it will give us great pleasure on any occasion to welcome them here and show them through the homes. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you most heartily for your company here to-day, and to declare the homes open and wish them 'God-speed.'

The visitors then went over the homes, and the general opinion seemed to be one of envy of the children who are to live amid such pleasant surroundings. During the afternoon Mr. Waring was presented by the committee with a very handsome illuminated album containing their portraits and a suitable inscription, as a souvenir of the occasion.



THE NEW COTTAGE HOMES OF FURNITURE TRADES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,
OPENED BY MR. WARING AT RADLETT.

sense, it is much. It gives the child a chance to rise out of the terrible rut into which misfortune has thrust it. It does something to make a useful man or woman of one who might otherwise sink to the level of the submerged. This is what we are working for, and can you

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

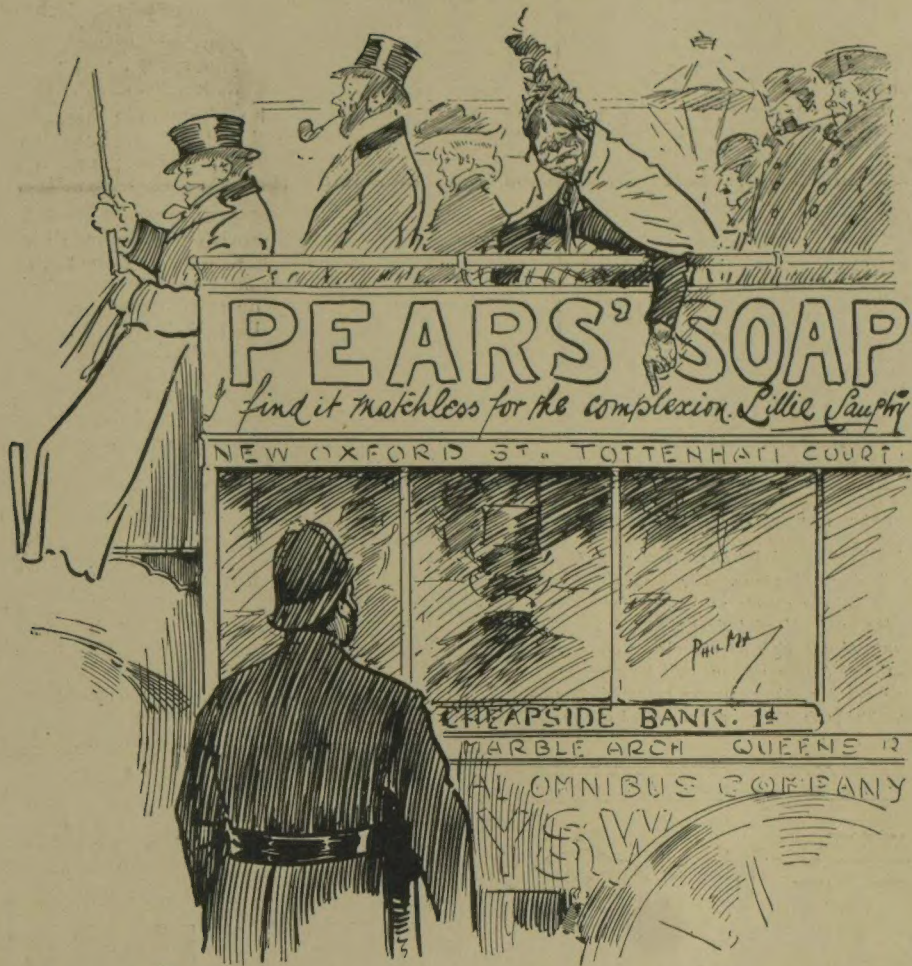
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A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME IN DEED."



*The lady is confiding to the Constable
her complete agreement with Lillie Langtry*

[Specially drawn for "Pears." One of poor Phil May's last!]

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in enclosing herewith, for your acceptance, a photograph of our little daughter, Doris Margaret. She has been fed entirely on Mellin's Food since she was three months old, and her progress since that time has simply been marvellous and the talk of all our neighbours and friends. Previous to trying your Food we persevered with several others, but she did not thrive on any or take to her meals as she did to Mellin's. The photograph was taken on her birthday, and we think it entirely owing to your excellent preparation that she is with us to-day. Therefore we hope you will be able to include her in your list of Mellin's children, and so perhaps encourage other parents who have not yet tried your Food. Needless to add, this testimonial is quite spontaneous and unsolicited, but we feel it in duty bound to tender our thanks and gratitude for the success.—Yours faithfully (signed) A. CLARK.



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FOOD

SAMPLE FREE ON APPLICATION. MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON.

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SMOKING MIXTURE

**MILD,
MEDIUM,
FULL,**

2/5 per ¼-lb. Tin.


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12 CURLERS IN BOX.

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IMITATIONS.



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TRADE MARK
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corner of
label, thus:



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Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,
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A GOOD SHINE

gives Brilliance—and VERY LASTING BRILLIANCE—at motor-car speed.

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VERY SLOW TO TARNISH, even out of doors. This makes it specially suitable for bicycles, motor-cars, and outside brasses. It is BRITISH, too. Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Grocers, Oilmen, Stores, &c.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, which was founded by Bishop Gore, is steadily extending its premises, and has fifty students now in residence. About £70,000 has been spent on the second portion of the premises, which the Bishop of Birmingham recently opened. Dr. Gore said he remembered the beautiful new quadrangle as the site of a stable. Handsome buildings have now been erected, with a noble and majestic tower. Candidates for holy orders at Mirfield undergo a six years' training under the able head of the community, the Rev. W. H. Freere.

Mr. Briton Rivière's portrait of the Bishop of Ripon was presented at a largely attended meeting, held in the Cathedral city last week. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, in replying to an address read by Sir Reginald Graham, said that whatever had been achieved in the twenty-one years of his episcopate was owing to the sympathy and co-operation of those around him. He recalled the energy and zeal of the pioneer of the diocese, Bishop Langley, and the enthusiasm of his successor, Bishop Bickersteth.

The Bishop of London has been visiting Lichfield for the biennial festival. In the course of a racy speech, which was received with frequent cheering, he recalled incidents of his life at the College, and said he should ever remember the happy days he spent there.

A writer in the *Guardian* says that Liverpool Cathedral will, when complete, be the largest in the country. Already the scale of the construction is plainly indicated by the size and solidity of the



IN THE COUNTRY OF CASTLES: CAREW CASTLE.

This illustration is taken from an admirable brochure entitled "The Country of Castles," which has just been issued by the Great Western Railway Company. The book forms a most excellent and intelligent guide to the most charming holiday resorts in South Wales. Carew Castle was built by Sir Rhys ap Thomas, one of the most splendid figures in Welsh history. It was he who was chiefly instrumental in placing Henry VII. on the throne of England. At Carew, in 1507, he gave a magnificent pageant and tournament, at which more than 1000 guests were present. Within easy reach of Carew are the other glorious ruins of Pembroke and Manorbier, and also those of Lamphey Palace. Tenby is the most convenient centre from which to visit all these.

foundations so far as they are finished. The rock-level is reached at a depth of ten feet; but on the east, or landward side it has been necessary to go down fifty feet for the foundations of the tower piers.

A marble tablet, in honour of the late Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., M.P., has been unveiled at St. Lawrence Jewry. A silver processional cross has also been presented to the rector by friends of Mr. Richards.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe has been one of the leading speakers at the Keswick Convention. The attendance this year has been so large that lodgings have been at a premium, and I hear of a pound a night being offered for a "shake-down." V.

In connection with the picture which we recently published of the Forest Schools near Charlottenburg, which have been so greatly admired by British municipal authorities, we have been informed by Messrs. Hasselrodt and Co. that the buildings in the forest were manufactured by Messrs. Christoph and Unmack, 52, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., whose works are at Copenhagen, Niesky, Bunzendorf, and Warsaw. These buildings, which are the invention of Captain Doecker, a Dane, are far superior to the ordinary iron or wooden structures as regards hygiene, comfort, economy, and readiness in cases of emergency. They are principally used for hospitals, sanatoria, and schools. They are portable, and can be erected in one or two days' time, according to their size, simply by hooking the different sections together. The divisions are frames covered on both sides with the smooth, washable, and unflammable Doecker material.

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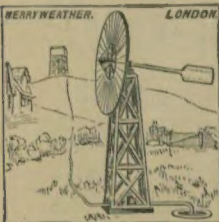
KEW WATCHES.—G. G. & S. invite particular attention to an exceptionally fine Gent.'s 18ct. Gold Watch with Centre Seconds, in large size Open Face Case, which gained Class A, 865 marks, "Especially Good" at KEW. Particulars on request. PRICE £45.

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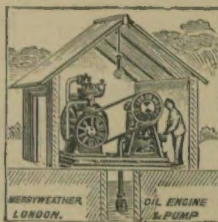
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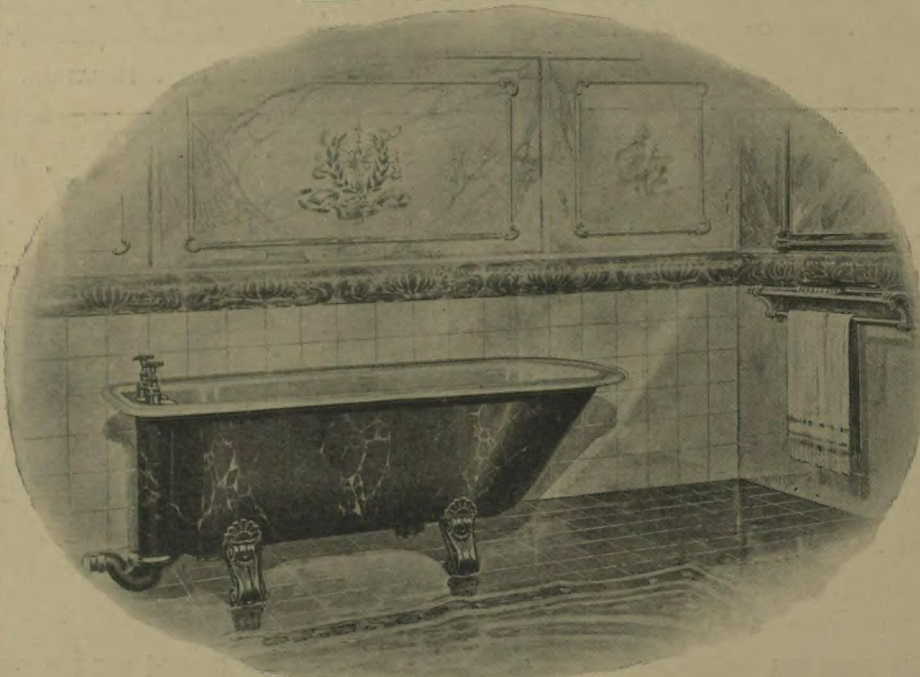
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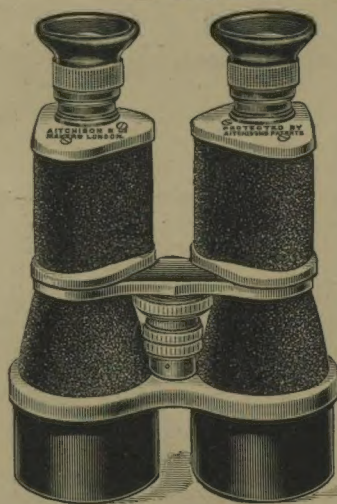
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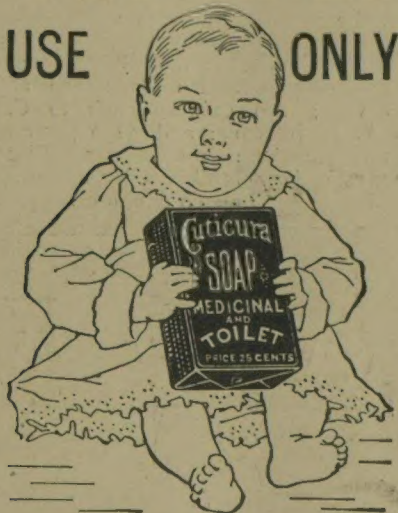
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Cuticura SOAP

For baby's hot weather bath, because it unites the delicate, medicinal emollient, sanative, and antiseptic properties of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odours. Hence it is not only the most effective Skin Purifying Soap for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, but it is the purest and sweetest for toilet and bath as well.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.; London, F. Newbery & Sons; Sydney, R. Towns & Co. 1/2d—Mailed Free, "How to Care for Baby's Skin."



BEFORE USING "ANTEXEMA"



AFTER USING "ANTEXEMA"

Facts about YOUR Skin

Glance at the looking-glass, and you will notice that the pores on your nose are larger than those on any other part of the face. Being larger, they clog easier, and you are thus able to see what is taking place all over the face and body; but it must be remembered that what you see on your nose is going on in every other part of the body where you cannot see it. The pores are always getting stopped up, impurities form, the skin becomes unhealthy, is often rendered unsightly, and great discomfort may be caused. Is this so in your case?

If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any Skin Trouble in any other part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief, and make your skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation immediately, removes all skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

ANTEXEMA

does everything that is necessary. It cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for Eczema, Psoriasis, and Nettle Rash; but it is just as useful for Burns, Bruises, Blisters, Insect Bites, and skin irritation due to acid perspiration; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin help and cleanser that medical science has produced. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable; because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

Have you seen our Handbook yet?

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ and 2/9, or may be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper, for 1/3. The new revised and illustrated edition of our Family Handbook, "Skin Troubles," is full of information from end to end about the cause, nature, and cure of skin complaints, and should be in the hands of everyone. A copy will be forwarded post free to readers of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, together with free trial of "Antexema" and 200 testimonials from persons cured, if THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is mentioned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Address your letter to "ANTEXEMA," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



A Scientific Method of Growing Hair

The Evans Vacuum Cap provides the scientific means of applying to the scalp the common-sense principles of physical culture.

Baldness and falling hair are caused by the lack of proper nourishment of the hair-roots. This lack of nourishment is due to the absence of blood in the scalp—an abnormal condition. It is the blood which feeds the hair-roots, as well as every other part of the body. If you want the hair to grow on the scalp the blood must be made to circulate there. It is exercise which makes the blood circulate. Lack of exercise makes it stagnant. The Vacuum method provides the exercise which makes the blood circulate in the scalp. It gently draws the rich blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair-roots. This causes the hair to grow.

Test it Without Expense

You can tell whether it is possible to cultivate a growth of hair on your head by ten minutes' use of the Evans Vacuum Cap. We will send you the Cap with which to make the experiment without any expense to you.

If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy glow this denotes that the normal condition of the scalp can be restored. A three or four minutes' use of the Cap each morning and evening thereafter will produce a natural growth of hair. If, however, the scalp remains white and lifeless after applying the vacuum, there is no use in trying further—the hair will not grow.

The Bank Guarantee

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap and will allow you ample time to prove its virtue. All we ask of you is to deposit the price of the cap in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, where it will remain during the trial period, subject to your own order. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that the method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit in full.

A sixteen-page illustrated book will be sent you free, on request.

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is known to give best results. To massage in an efficient way can easily be learned by obtaining a copy of the

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With hand-some case and sling. Don't delay. Send to-day.

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It is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance;
It refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume;
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AGENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.



7/10^{ths} of ALL

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

For HEADACHE,
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For SALLOW SKIN,
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Very small, and easy to take as sugar.

Purely Vegetable.

Genuine must have signature

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WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

has for 40 years been acknowledged as
THE NURSERY SOAP.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 9, 1903) of Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL, of Weybridge Park, Surrey, who died on June 16, was proved on July 18 by Charles Thomas Fraser Churchill, Arthur Gillespie Churchill, and Ernest Lee Churchill, the sons, and Ernest Robert Still, the value of the estate being £231,476. The testator gives the money at current account at Parr's and the London and County Bank, all interest, dividends, and rents due and accruing, and the use of his house and furniture, to his wife; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property is to be held, in trust, for Mrs. Churchill for life, and then for his children, and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1900), with three codicils, two dated Jan. 3, 1903, and the other Aug. 29, 1904, of Mr. WILLIAM PAIN WESTON NORSWORTHY, of Oakhurst, Ore, Sussex, who died on May 7, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Edith Margaret Norworthy, the widow, and Mr. Joseph Unthank Macnamara, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £57,946. The testator gives £150 each to his executors, and £200 and his freehold residence with the appurtenances and the

furniture, plate, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided into twenty-four equal parts, eight of which he leaves to his wife for life and then as she shall appoint; three shares each, upon trust, for his daughters Beatrice Mary, Natalie Marguerite, and Mrs. Marie Hartley; three shares to the children of his deceased son, William Milford; two shares to his son Arthur Edward; and two shares for the benefit of his son Cyril Proctor.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1888) of Mr. SIDNEY FLEMMING, of 13, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, stock-jobber, who died on May 29, has been proved by Mrs. Martha Dulham Flemming, the widow, and Robert Flemming, the brother, the value of the estate being £109,013. The testator gives £500 to his wife, and during the time she remains his widow the income from the whole of his estate. Subject thereto, such property is to be divided among his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1902), with a codicil, of Mr. JOHN WOODALL WOODALL, of 5, Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, and of Scarborough, who died on March 21, has been proved by Charles Henry

Dent, the nephew, the value of the estate being sworn at £152,266. The testator gives policies of insurance for £3000, the use of his flat with the furniture, etc., and £700 per annum to his wife Mrs. Louise Catherine Woodall, these provisions to be in addition to £800 per annum already settled on her; and £200 per annum each to his step-children Maud Constance Cowpland and Robert William Maynard Cowpland. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Charles Henry Dent.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1900), with two codicils, of Mr. CHARLES GIDLOW JACKSON, of Rookwood, near Chorley, colliery proprietor, who died on April 3, was proved on July 14 by Mrs. Mary Gidlow Jackson, the widow, Charles Bower Fernihough, and Alfred Earlam Johnson, the value of the estate amounting to £127,573. The testator gives £1000 per annum, and an additional £1000 per annum, at the discretion of his executors, for the support and maintenance of his children, to his wife; 200 guineas each to C. B. Fernihough and A. E. Johnson; and £150 per annum each to his sisters Elizabeth and Margaret Eleanor. All other his property he leaves to his children, the share of each son to be double that of each daughter.

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Is the best for Cleaning
**Electro-Plate,
Silver, etc.**

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Chemists and Stores.
Full sized sample box sent
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1875.



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Our British, Scotch and Irish Tours for short or long periods are of
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less than ordinary fares.

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fix up the lowest rates by the best routes.

Our services will cost you nothing.

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PIPPERMINT
MESSRS GET FRÈRES

Quarts 5/- Pints 3/-

DIGESTIVE INVIGORATING TONIC STIMULATING

Refuse all substitutes.
There are many CRÈME de MENTHE but only one
GET FRÈRES PIPPERMINT Liqueur.
See that you get it from your Wine Merchant.
Free sample on application to
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Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

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